McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLVII | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1910 | NO. 5.

FIRE LADDIES DANCE, EAT AND MAKE MERRY.

They Have a Big Time at the Lyceum Last Night.

COVERS LAID FOR 180 PEOPLE.

Excellent Speaking by Prominent Members of the Department—Medal Presented to Retiring Chief—A Most Enjoyable Social Event.

The Fifth Annual Banquet and Ball of the Smethport Fire Department was held at the Lyceum last evening. It was perhaps the most notable social event that ever took place there. Over one hundred and seventy-five covers were laid for the banquet which was served at 7:30. The banqueters occupied the whole main floor of the spacious Lyceum. The decorations extended throughout the hall and the stage and were the most impressive that have ever been used in this place. They were furnished by Heath, the decorator, of Olean, and consisted of the flags of the Army and Navy and of many of the foreign countries. The firemen's helmets, buckets and other appropriate paraphernalia were used to heighten the effects of the flags and bunting. The banquet was served in five courses and Chief Hopper and his men, aptly styled on this occasion Grass-Hoppers, did ample justice to all that was put before them and all grumblehegs, Frogs and other big eaters were outclassed and left at the pole. And the ladies, it did their hearts good to see their heroes once more satisfied with all the good things of life. When the inner man was sufficiently regaled so that even the lean and lanky Hook and Ladder boys were able to cast a respectable shadow, the tables were cleared and the speech-making began. The President of the Department, Guy McCoy, acted as Ice Breaker and after welcoming the many guests, who included the borough council, its solicitor and their ladies, introduced the speakers. Sheridan Gorton, the first President of the Smethport Hose Company, some twenty-eight years ago, was the first speaker, and referred to its early history in an interesting manner. He also made a favorable comparison of the courage of the volunteer fireman with that of the soldier in arms in defense of his country. He spoke of the present Department in appreciating words and paid Ex-Chief Waite a glowing tribute for his work in its behalf and that of the borough, presenting him with a beautiful medal, the gift of the Department. In accepting this token of esteem of his brothers, the Ex-Chief pointed out the necessity of continued interest in the Department by his comrades, and showed the difficulty of keeping this in the long intervals between bad fires.

Reverend J. F. Dugan, who is an honored member of the Hook and Ladder company, was the next speaker, and his subject was "The Smethport Fire Department." It was an earnest and concise statement of the relations of the property owner with the volunteer firemen, clearly pointing out the duty of our citizens to secure an adequate number of hose carts for conveying the hose to fires, and urging that its needs should be met simply as a matter of business in order that the Department might the better cope with a great conflagration, which, he admonished, would some day menace he town again. Father Dugan forced conviction on his hearers; his remarks were very much appreciated by all so fortunate as to hear them.

M. S. Geary spoke next, the subject assigned him being "Our Ladies." The Bard of Mt. Alton was in his best vein and the good things he said about the ladies present are too good to put in cold print, we agree with him that the ladies can speak for themselves. Under the head of reminiscences, Fred Brownell told some of the experiences of the good old days, his story of the time when the Company went to Bradford in 1882, to the State Firemen's Convention, and brought home a prize of one hundred dollars, which it won in the races, was interesting especially his reference to some of the old members there present.

W. P. Walsh, the first Chief of the Company also made some remarks of the early days of the company.

After the Post-Prandial Artists were through the deck was cleared for action and the Terpsichorean Artists had their inning.

Many an exemipt showed that there were no "kinks" in him yet, and Webb's Grass-Hoppers were every where and kept the large company of lady guests dancing till the "wee sma' hours" this morning. Music was dispensed by Chadwick's Orchestra, the banquet was served by Miss Millie Pattison of this place. Fred Hungtville, James Quirk and Corte Corwin were the executive committee in charge of the evening's program, M. S. Geary and Fenton Whalon, respectively, had charged the banquet and decorations. R. E. Burdick and H. S. Rabbit, finance.

Long live the Smethport Fire Department; may its shadow never grow less.

ARRESTED ON DELICATE CHARGE

Dr. Collins Yerxa Held for Court in $1,500 Bail.

On Sunday last County Detective Jones went to Lawrenceville, N. Y., for the purpose of arresting Dr. Collins Yerxa, who is charged with being the father of a child recently born to Ida Simpkins, a fifteen-year-old girl of Mt. Jewett. Mr. Jones found his man at the Lawrenceville station, who after considering the matter decided to come to Pennsylvania without the formality of extradition papers and Mr. Jones and Dr. Yerxa arrived in town Monday night, where he was lodged in jail until the following day.

On Tuesday he was given a hearing before Justice R. C. Gleason, who after hearing the evidence held him to court without bail, the charge being an unbailable one before a justice, owing to the age of the girl.

As soon as the hearing before Justice Gleason was finished Sheridan Gorton, attorney for Dr. Yerxa, instituted habeas corpus proceedings and Judge Joseph W. Bouton fixed the young man's bail at $1,500, which was furnished by John Lincoln, an uncle of the defendant, and the young man was given his liberty.

Dr. Collins Yerxa is a young man quite well-known throughout the county. He has lived a good many years in Duke Center, and in the past few years has had dental parlors in Hazelhurst and Mt. Jewett.

BOY NEARLY BLED TO DEATH.

A Slight Gash Over Eye Nearly Costs Child His Life Yesterday.

The seven-year old boy of Herman Bigel of Coleville came very near to bleeding to death yesterday from a slight gash over the eye, which on the ordinary person would not have bled a teaspoonful.

The little fellow slipped and fell cutting a slight gash over his eye and the blood commenced and continued to flow in such quantities that Dr. Chadwick was summoned, and he worked for three hours ere the flow of blood could be stopped.

This unusual flow of blood was in no way due to the seriousness of the cut, but to the fact that the boy is what is known to medical science as a "bleeder"—that is the tissues of his veins and arteries are so tender that even a very slight cu ist liable to cause death from loss of blood. The boy is getting along nicely now and will undoubtedly fully recover.

STATE POLICE GONE.

They Left for the Barracks at Punxsutawney Yesterday—They Will Return Later.

Yesterday morning the members of the State Constabulary who have been located here since early fall left for Punxsutawney where they will be located until further orders. It is said that the reason for sending them back to the barracks at this time is because things in the criminal line are very quiet here at present and that they can be used to better advantage in the coal regions.

During their stay here these young men have made many friends by their gentlemanly ways and unobtrusive manners. In some sections it is claimed that the members of the State Constabulary are over officious and sometimes insulting but such has not been the case with the young men stationed here and when they or some of their comrades return in the spring they will be welcomed by a large majority of our citizens.

We understand that as soon as spring opens and the fishing season is ripe a detachment of the State Constabulary will be placed here again to restrict the refractions of the game and fish laws and incidentally keep peace an quiet in the big woods and the new lumber town which will be located at the head of Potato Creek.

MAN WAS KILLED.

Fall of Shale Crushed Him at Lewis Run.

Yesterday's Era says:

Dominic Distefano, an employe of the Bradford Pressed Brick company at Lewis Run, met death yesterday just before noon, by being pinned under about 20 tons of clay and shale rock, which had evidently become loosened by recent blasting. Distefano, with other workmen were in the pit and from all appearances, the unfortunate man was working in close proximity to the high embankment. Suddenly and without a moment's warning, a large section of the overhanging clay and shale fell and he was crushed to death.

Fellow workmen immediately commenced to dig the body out of the huge pile and it required fully fifteen minutes before his mangled remains were uncovered sufficiently to be removed. Death must have been instantaneous.

Word was telephoned to Undertaker Still who, in turn, notified Coroner Sherman. The coroner after learning the details gave permission to have the body taken to Still's undertaking establishment where it was prepared for burial. The coroner to-day will make further inquiries concerning the fatality.

The accident happened near the place where Sebastian Palino, another employe of the same company was fearfully injured by the premature explosion of a blast of dynamite, last Sunday. Palino is at present in the Bradford hospital with one eye completely destroyed and the sight of the other eye impaired; besides other injuries.

Distefano was about 53 years of age and he leaves a wife and four children, two sons and two daughters. His 13 year old son lives at Lewis Run. The others are in Italy with the exception of one married daughter, Mrs. Gloyino Daurora, who is now on her way to America to join her husband at Lewis Run, having sailed on Jan. 26.

Not an Expense, but an Investment.

Advertising is an investment—not an expense and should be treated as such.

Because it has been a habit of some merchants to look upon it as expense, a wrong view has been gained. Perhaps the misconception arose from the fact that in bookkeeping it has been the habit to charge advertising to expense. The first haphazard and unsatisfactory advertising was of its very nature resultless—therefore it was an expense and rightly was it so charged.

But the very moment advertising began to produce new business—the moment it began to swell the volume and the profit, it ceased to be an expense and became an investment but, of course, it is still charged as an expense merely as a matter of convience and clearness.

And it is bad advertising—resultless advertising—that costs money. Good advertising earns money.

And it is the man who looks upon advertising as an expense who is afraid of it, who is prejudiced against it. The man who treats it as an investment and gives it the time and attention an investment requires—knows that every dollar rightly invested in this direction yields compound interest.

Advertising is an economy—the biggest and sanest in modern merchandising.

It makes no difference how large your business may be—or how small—it makes no difference whether you sell clothing or tin pans—the conditions above stated apply to your affairs just as surely as they do to your successful neighbor.

And in them lies the why and the wherefore of advertising.—Star-Record.

A BANK GOES UP.

It Had Financed the Buffalo & Susquehanna Ry. Which Caused the Trouble.

A New York dispatch dated Feb. 1, in part says:

Wall street was astonished late this afternoon to get the news over the ticker that Fisk and Robinson, one of the most reputable bond and banking houses in The Street had been thrown into bankruptcy on the petition of three small creditors. The alarm of The Street was further increased when the full extent of the failure was disclosed by the statement of Receiver Bronson Winthrop of the firm of Winthrop and Stimson.

The firm's liabilities are given at $4,735,294.87, while the assets are claimed to be $113,644.59 in excess of that figure. In view of the fact that the firm was unable to meet the call of banks for loans made on some of its securities, it is likely that the depression following the failure will cause a loss of from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000 to the creditors. The cash from depositors alone totals $1,312,349.12.

The failure is directly due to the financing of the Buffalo & Susquehanna railway, a short line running from Buffalo into Pennsylvania and joining the Buffalo & Susquehanna railroad. The firm owns $1,200,000 bonds of the railway—which have no market—and $7,000,000 of the preferred stock of the railroad, which is quoted at 70 and is equally unsaleable. The unsaleability of these securities, with the lack of activity in the others held by the firm, brought about the liquidation.

Anevil genius followed the firm in the Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad. The railroad which was incorporated in 1891, owns a line from Addison, N. Y., to Sagamore, Pa. running through the lumber and coal belt of both states. The fortunes of the community were developed by F. H. Goodyear, a wealthy lumber merchant, who understood the extension of the railroad from Galeton, Pa., to Buffalo, a stretch of 100 miles. The railway company took over the railroad properly on a 99 year lease in June, 1907, and then the panic came. A few months before the panic, Mr. Goodyear, the leading spirit in the enterprise died.

This left the property and the enterprise in the hands of the pioneer's heirs, one of whom was C. W. Goodyear. Mr. Goodyear soon became sick and Fiske & Robinson had to push the completion of the line. The road is in operation but losing money, the fixed charges being more than the income.

The company has an outstanding capital stock of $10,000,000 and a total bonded indebtedness of $17,000,000. Interest on the bonds is payable at the office of Fisk & Robinson. The failure of the firm will probably result in the default on the bonds on April 1, when interest is due on $6,000,000, 4½ first. If the firm is not reorganized before that time the default on the bonds will throw the road into the hands of a receiver, which will involve the loss of millions to the bond and stockholders. The failure of the firm is also likely to seriously affect the chances of the railroad and industrial corporations for which they have stood sponsor.

A REAL SURPRISE.

Mrs. Gunness, Murderess, Said to be Alive.

A dispatch from Wilmar, Minn., to the Era, dated Jan. 30, says: Mrs. Belle Gunness, fat, heavy featured, alleged multi-murderess, and siren, who lured many northwestern farmers to their doom at the notorious Gunness farm near Laporte, Ind., has after a three years' disappearance, it is believed, been found as a housekeeper for Gust Kirby, a farmer, 14 miles northeast of Wilmar.

This information, credited by Indiana police and which may end in one of the most sensational revelations in the history of continental crime, has been giving Wilmar and Laporte authorities throughout the past month something to work on.

His brother's movements during the past few months, inspired he believes by the woman who is his housekeeper, have been toward converting into cash all his property with a view of a trip to California.

This action, closely in line with Mrs. Gunness' reported policy in securing worldly wealth of her victims, and the alleged physical similarity between his brother's housekeeper and the missing Laporte fugitive, have convinced the Mankato man, and in turn Chief of Police Clinton Cochran of Laporte, boarded the northbound train at Laporte at 7 o'clock last evening armed with a warrant for Mrs. Gunness' arrest. He is expected in Wilmar Monday morning. Meanwhile the suspected woman is under the closest surveillance.

The Wealth Which Endures.

Wealth and power do not monopolize the joys of our existence as much as that man supposes who risks honor and reputation for them, and this, says the Pittsburg Press, is the testimony of many of the richest and the greatest.

The pillow of the laboring man is sweet. No unsatisfied dreams of conquest—financial or otherwise—no wounded vanities, none of the wretched turnings against self, that follow habitual self-indulgence, transform the laboring man into a helpless creature incessantly pursued by its own insatiable cravings.

The disordered sleep of a Richard the Third or a Macbeth is a perfect rest compared with the relentless sense of impotent and hopeless longing which never leaves the man who has become a mere appetite. Gratification of the lust for luxury, for riches, for power, is like nothing else so much as setting a torch to an inner conflagration. Fortunate is he who has never lighted that torch. So, at least, God has appeared to think, so careful has He been to rear in poverty most of those whom He designed to taste the highest felicities and give the most radiant crown of glory to our race.

To be strong morally as well as physically; to have a large capacity for love and friendship; to know how to extend the arm of comfort and help to the afflicted; to be able to penetrate the surface of things and know the beauty which constantly grows more entrancing as one draws closer to the Divine spirit which radiates from the center of life—this is the only true wealth; the only true power; the only gift with which any man may attain conscious harmony with himself or the universe surrounding him. And it is a gift free to all.

Rich and poor alike are called upon to combat sickness, death, faithlessness, misunderstanding, ingratitude, but only the simple minded and the pure in heart see God, the knowledge of Whom is the only happiness which is proof against the ills that all flesh is heir to. They pay a fearful price for wealth and worldly honor, and power who lose the favor which God has for the just man, walking in humbleness with Him and calling every man brother. The world needs to remember that it is only the wealth which crumbles which is unequally shared. The wealth which endures is denied to none. "If thou will be perfect, go and sell that thou hast * * * and follow Me."

The State Not In Spraying Business.

It is not unusual to find among the letters received by the Division of Zoology of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, occasionally one in which it is suggested that the State ought to employ persons to spray orchards, and charge the cost to the owners.

Such a suggestion recently came from a Chester county correspondent, who wrote: "I have wondered why skilled sprayers are not sent out to do this work on every farm, where spraying is needed, at a minimum cost to the owner, the payment for the same to be obligatory."

As to the impractibility of this, the State Zoologist, Professor H. A. Surface, Harrisburg, wrote as follows:

"The proposition of the state sending out skilled sprayers is impractical. We have thought about this for a long time, and have fully decided that it would be as reasonable to ask the State to send skilled tillers of the soil to show how to correct cultivation, or skilled men to build fences, or to do any other farm work. Spraying is only an ordinary farm operation, and tens of thousands of people in this state are obliged at some time to do it for the first time. It does not require special skill. All that a man needs to do is to make the solution according to printed directions, put it in a spray barrel or tank, and spray it thoroughly over the trees. We are constantly giving demonstrations, showing how this is done.

"We expect to be in your part of the State with a Demonstration Train ere long, and shall be glad to meet you and your neighbors and answer questions and show just how to spray to get the best results. Also, we expect to conduct Model Orchards in your region, as in every county in Pennsylvania, where we shall continue this work during the entire year. Thus, it will not take your farmers more than a few hours to become sufficiently skilled, under such instruction, to get good and satisfactory results in scale control. Announcements will be made through the daily papers, as well as through our Monthly Bulletins, and also the Pennsylvania Grange News and the agricultural publications of the State, as to when we shall be in each county giving these public demonstrations. All persons interested will be invited to attend them and make use of the opportunity to gain such knowledge as we may have to give them."

Horses for Sale.

5 good horses 10 to 11 hundred lbs., good age. Prices reasonable.

A. T. PALMER.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 27, 1910.

OTHER THINGS.

"And all the world I knew,
And the glories that lie beyond it, and whitherward all things drew;
And beyond it, I knew Fruitfulness and Love and Home and Children, and Laughter and Life and Death, and I knew." Norse Saga.

Welsh Proverbs.

Everything possible is easy.

Everything needless is waste.

One sin draws a hundred after it.

Let him who reads reflect.

He who knows least will talk most.

He who loves his mother, let him love his step-mother.

The weapon of the brave is in his heart.

Safe is the owner of a clear conscience.

Love is the mother of all godliness.

Good for evil will lead thee to heaven.

One does not ring a bell for the deaf.

He is not born who knows not sin.

Let every one stand on his own feet.

The empty nut is the hardest.

Jolts and Jars.

Some persons employ a doctor and others just annoy him.

The infallibility of some people almost excuses their ignorance.

If you are likenble you are probably to blame for it.

If you do wrong stick to it for otherwise people might think it was a mistake.

Here and there is a person who is unable to distinguish between moral courage and a natural ugliness.

If people would put as much sense into their religion as they leave out of their amusements it would meet all their needs.

When the cause is good the brave man fights and the coward runs away, when the cause is bad the coward fights and the brave man runs away.

The following is taken from the Juvenile Court record: "I have on my desk a list of 1,000 successful men of the nation, the "successful" I do not mean merry money-makers, but men who have given us new conceptions of steam, electricity, construction work, education, art, etc. These are the men who influence our moral as well as physical lives. They construct better things. How these men started in work is interesting. Their first foothold in work is a fine study.

Two hundred started as farmer's boys.

Two hundred started as messenger boys.

One hundred were printer's apprentices.

One hundred were apprenticed in manufactories.

Fifty began at the bottom of railway work.

Fifty—only fifty—had wealthy parents to give them a start."

It is not generally appreciated that Buenos Ayres is the fourth city in size on the American continent. The only cities larger are New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. According to the census taken in October, 1909, the population of Buenos Ayres was at that time 1,789,662, an increase since 1904 of 238,771, or five and a half per cent. per annum. Until recently Buenos Ayres has been the only port of arrival for the immigrants coming from Europe. Now it has a rival in Bahia Blanca which has already wrested the right to be called the greatest wheat-shipping port in South America. Its natural harbor far surpasses any other. These statements are made on the authority of the Daily Consular and Trade Report.

The Educational Review reports the following: "The table prepared by the Massachusetts State Board of Education shows the weekly earnings of children who left school at fourteen until the end of their twenty-fifth year. Those who left school at fourteen began at $4.00 per week and at the end of the twenty-fifth year were receiving $12.75 a week. Those from the high school began at $10.00 a week and at twenty-five were receiving $31.00 a week. The total earnings of the elementary schoolboy in the twelve years were $5,722.50, while those of the high schoolboy in the eight years were $7,377.50."

Farm to Let.

A good dairy farm one mile north of Smethport, with fine herd of grade Guernsey cows and thoroughbred Guernsey bull; in excellent condition. Wanted, a good man, with good team, etc., to work farm on shares. Milk goes to creamery, excepting some that is sold in town. Possession given March 1st.

D. C. YOUNG,

Smethport, Pa.

A QUESTION OF BAIT.

Should the Beggar Leave Few or Many Cents in His Hat?

"One thing that I've never been able to settle in my mind to my own satisfaction," said a street beggar whose specialty is sitting on a step and holding out his hat to passersby, "is the question of how many pennies it is wise to have in the hat for people to see as they go by. Of course you understand there are two theories on this. Working on one you leave there only a few, just three or four pennies scattered around irregular, but pretty far apart, and on the other you leave in the hat a lot of pennies.

"Of course the idea of the first plan is to make people when they see how little you've got want to chip in and help, and the idea of the other plan is to stir people up to generosity by showing them how generous others have been, and there's a heap to be said for that. There's lots of people that give because other people have given—because they like to go with the crowd.

"I've tried both plans and had good days with lean bait and bad days with a full bait in the hat, and then I've had good days with a full bait and bad days with a lean bait. All you can do is, if one plan doesn't work well, try the other. You never can tell."—New York Sun.

AVIATION.

The Dangers Involved in Three Dimensional Steering.

The navigation of the air is a form of locomotion that differs from all the others to which men have resorted in that it involves three dimensional steering.

It is in the three dimensional nature of aviation that the real wonder of it lies. Its demands upon the aviator's attention are almost appalling in number and constancy. The automobilist has to mind what he is about not a little, and a moment's carelessness means disaster, but his divagations from safety are all horizontal. The road and gravity take care of the others for him, while the aeroplanist can make mistakes all the way around a sphere; hence, in addition to lending an attentive ear to every sound from a complicated and delicate engine, he must manipulate one rudder for up and down, another for right and left and two more at the ends of his wings. And all these must be combined and co-ordinated. Water is stability itself in comparison with the medium through which he moves. When in flight, therefore, the aviator is probably the busiest man alive, and there is not an instant of rest for him till after he has made his perilous descent.—New York Times.

He Put the Brake On.

In his autobiography the late Professor Shaler of Harvard tells this story: Once he was present at a dinner in England where Tyndall, the renowned scientist, started to tell about experiences in America. His descriptions were, to say the least, exaggerated. Just as he was telling about a thrilling escape from drowning which he had had while viewing Niagara falls—describing it with bursts of hyperbole—his eye happened to catch that of Shaler, whom he had not noticed before.

For a moment Tyndall stopped, abashed—then, with wink of the eye, as if begging Shaler not to "give him away," he continued the tale, but in a noticeably subdued vein.

At its conclusion Tyndall sought Shaler.

"I fear that yarn of mine was rather highly colored," he confessed to the American, "but it is sometimes necessary to touch up the truth a bit."

More Than One Trafalgar Square.

The Scotland Yard examination which would be taxicab drivers have to undergo in the knowledge of London is no mere matter of form. "If," asked the inquisitor recently of a candidate, "a fare hails you in Trafalgar square and asks to be driven to Trafalgar square what would you do?" "I should drive him around a bit and drop him on the other side of the square," replied the candidate. And he was turned down, for he did not know that London has three Trafalgar squares besides the finest site in Europe—one in Camberwell, one in Chelsea—and one in Stepney.—London Chronicle.

The Truly Reticent Woman.

Speak of a reticent woman and most people picture to themselves a woman who doesn't talk much. But the truly reticent woman—the woman who makes reticence an art—is not at all silent. She talks with what is apparently the greatest candor, so that people go away from her saying what a frank, genial woman she is, and no one ever suspects, unless he or she is phenomenally clever, that the genial conversationalist had all sorts of unspoken things in her mind.—Exchange.

Father's Real Role.

"Fathers have been much maligned."

"As to how?"

"About using their boots on suitors. On four different occasions I have been referred by a young lady to her father, and every time I found it was for the purpose of letting me down easy."—Pittsburg Post.

Intrinsically.

Constituent—What do you suppose *Graphiter is worth?* Senator Lotsmun—I don't know what he's worth now. I bought him once when he was just starting out for $75 and a railway pass.—Chicago Tribune.

Doubt is born of the mind; faith is the daughter of the soul.—Emerson.

The Nature Student's Story.

"In my boyhood I once captured a nest of three young thrushes. I put them in a gilt cage by an open window, and their mother came and fed them regularly with worms and grasshoppers."

The speaker, a nature student, sighed.

"The mother," he continued, "must have expected her little ones to be soon liberated. She fed them, as I said, regularly for three days on fresh food. Then one evening at sunset she appeared with a sprig of green in her mouth. She thrust the green in through the gilt bars. Then, singing a sweet, sad song, she flew away. And she never came back. Her offspring the next morning lay dead, side by side, on the bottom of the cage. The sprig she had brought them, which was nearly consumed, was a sprig of the deadly larkspur. 'Freedom or death! Death or freedom!' That is what must have been the burden of her farewell song."

The narrator paused, and from his listeners a low murmur arose, a murmur perhaps of sympathy, perhaps of angry disbelief.

An American Grammar.

Robert R. Hitt, who at the time represented our government in Paris as a secretary of legation, went to Egypt in regard to a matter involving the life of a Greek American subject. He landed in Alexandria and went to the Hotel Europe and found the rooming clerk busy assigning rooms to the newly arrived passengers, a regular polyglot in languages. He heard him speak Arabic, Greek, French, Italian and German. So when it came Mr. Hitt's turn to register he jocosely said, "Do you speak American?" The clerk promptly replied: "A leetle. Der vas one American here lately who gave me an American grammar." Mr. Hitt asked to have a look at the book. The clerk promptly told one of the garcons to get the book out of his room, and while the book was being brought the clerk said, "De grammar is phonetic." When the book was brought, lo and behold, it was a copy of Petroleum V. Nasby's letters. D. R. Locke while in Egypt had presented a copy to the clerk, telling him it was an American grammar.

Mended His Manners.

A certain English officer is noted for his ready wit and quickness in repartee. In the very early days of his career he was ordered to Bombay and was attached to the staff of the then commander-in-chief as A. D. C.

Shortly after his arrival, at a function at the government house, a new military secretary who, in the conscious pride of his new position, had a hearty contempt for subalterns of all degrees, with a glassy stare through his eyeglass, offered him two fingers to shake.

The A. D. C., quite unabashed, looked at him for a moment or two and then said genially:

"Hang it all, major, the governor gives me three!"

The whole room was convulsed, and the military secretary, now a colonel, profited by the hint and mended his manners, but he never forgave the A. D. C.—London Tit-Bits.

Bjornson's Advice.

There is a story told of Bjornstjerne Bjornson that, arriving at a late hour at the town of Bergen, which was en fete to receive him, he vouchsafed to the expectant people no finer words of wisdom than a general recommendation to go to bed.

In vain they appealed to him for "song or sentiment." The great Bismarck, said he, gave the same advice under conditions all similar, and what was good enough for Berlin must suffice for Bergen.

Three years later, on visiting the town for the second time, the master novelist found a deserted city. Not a light burned in the dismal railway station, no banners waved, no addresses were read by portly burgomasters. In vain Bjornson asked for a cab.

"They have all gone to bed," was the reply. And so Bergen remembered.

He Knew Them.

"The pastor of a Tallapoosa church," said a southern senator, "said rather pointedly from the pulpit one Sunday morning:

"'Ah gwine ter ax de congregation ter jine in singin' de nex' hymn, which will be number 'leven hundred an' seventy-six, de hymn beginnin' "Oh, dat I had de wings ob a dove."'

"Then the pastor of the Tallapoosa church added:

"'Ah hopes dat dem members who has been absent from de church fo' de last six months will take notice ob dat hymn.'"

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The whole room was convulsed, and the military secretary, now a colonel, profited by the hint and mended his manners, but he never forgave the A. D. C.—London Tit-Bits.

Bjornson's Advice.

There is a story told of Bjornstjerne Bjornson that, arriving at a late hour at the town of Bergen, which was en fete to receive him, he vouchsafed to the expectant people no finer words of wisdom than a general recommendation to go to bed.

In vain they appealed to him for "song or sentiment." The great Bismarck, said he, gave the same advice under conditions all similar, and what was good enough for Berlin must suffice for Bergen.

Three years later, on visiting the town for the second time, the master novelist found a deserted city. Not a light burned in the dismal railway station, no banners waved, no addresses were read by portly burgomasters. In vain Bjornson asked for a cab.

"They have all gone to bed," was the reply. And so Bergen remembered.

He Knew Them.

"The pastor of a Tallapoosa church," said a southern senator, "said rather pointedly from the pulpit one Sunday morning:

"'Ah gwine ter ax de congregation ter jine in singin' de nex' hymn, which will be number 'leven hundred an' seventy-six, de hymn beginnin' "Oh, dat I had de wings ob a dove."'

"Then the pastor of the Tallapoosa church added:

"'Ah hopes dat dem members who has been absent from de church fo' de last six months will take notice ob dat hymn.'"

THE BEST ADVICE

anyone can give you is,

DON'T WORRY

about anything—avoid it by INVESTING in one of the POLICIES of the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States

—Get one of—

C. A. BURDICK,
General Insurance Agent

Bell 'Phone 18-B Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
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Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

The Dazzling Searchlight.

On a dark night no warship would be safe from torpedo attack but for the searchlight. The full moon lights up a torpedo boat so that it can be fired at when nearly a mile away. To produce the same illumination with the most powerful artificial light an electric arc of 150,000 candle power placed three-quarters of a mile high would be needed if the aid of mirrors were not available. But with this light and an ingenious arrangement of mirrors it is possible to surpass the moon. Searchlights are now made which throw light a distance of sixty-three miles, but objects can be seen only a few miles from the source of the light. The effect on the enemy is most demoralizing. When the bright beam is suddenly thrown on the eye the pupil contracts violently, when the beam is removed the eye can see nothing. If this be repeated a few times it takes all the nerve out of a man, so that only the best trained and most courageous can continue the attack.—London Answers.

A Disappointing Witness.

Deacon Stephen Potter, one of the pioneers of Utica, N. Y., was a man of great eccentricity, but high moral character. "The deacon will speak the truth and shame the devil," was often said of him.

On one occasion a friend was engaged in a lawsuit in regard to some land a few miles from Utica. He held the land at a high price. During the trial he called Deacon Potter as a witness to prove how valuable the land was. The deacon was sworn and asked if he knew the land.

"Yes," he replied, "I know every foot of it."

"What do you think it worth, Mr. Potter?" was the next question.

The old man paused a moment and then said slowly, "If I had as many dollars—as my yoke of oxen—could draw—on a sled—on glaze ice—I vow—I would not give—a dollar an acre for it!"—Youth's Companion.

Flag Proportions.

In the United States flag the width of a stripe is invariably half the length in inches of the flag's longest measurement. For example, in a flag ten feet long the stripes should be five inches wide. Accordingly the flag would have a width of five feet five inches, or thirteen times five inches. The field should be of navy blue bunting measuring seven stripes deep and extending two-fifths across the length of the flag. There should be forty-six stars on the field, arranged in six rows, beginning with eight, the two middle rows having eight and the last row eight and the other rows seven. The size of the star at its widest measurement should be such that one-half of its own width will separate it from the next star. Flags may be made in all sizes, but the above proportions should be preserved.—Philadelphia Press.

Cat Exchange in Paris.

Paris has a cat exchange, a "bourse aux chats." This establishment is situated in a big chamber at the rear of a wineshop. Here are legions of cats of all sizes and colors, which are to be seen jumping and heard "miaulant." It is said that the customers are by no means tender hearted old ladies, but for the most part furriers, glovemakers and cooks. A good sleek "maton" realizes from 2½ cents to 20 cents. The skin has a number of usages, and the flesh, according to the story, finds its way into the stewpans of certain restaurants possessing more enterprise than scruple.—Chicago Journal.

Two of a Kind.

Mrs. Boggs—I hate to have a man always complaining about some little thing. Now, my husband is continually harping on the lace curtains. Mrs. Woggs—Yes, and my husband has been kicking on our front door every morning at 8 o'clock for the past twenty years.—Puck.

Gods of Joy

In the Comfort of Philip's Strength Jackie Rested Content.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Out through the Dorringtons' Japanese garden fled the Little White Lady. There were lotus lilies on the pond, and two great gray lanterned posts, green lighted, guarded the gates. Then came the white driveway and the stretch of dark pines, and in the pines the Little White Lady paused.

"There!" she whispered and laughed deliciously. "He'll never find me."

But he did find her, looming like a great ghost in his white linen suit.

"You can't get away from me," he chanted.

The Little White Lady sat down on a log. "If you follow young women into a dark stretch of woods you should bring a chaperon with you," she reproved him.

"Mrs. Dorrington is asleep."

"Asleep!" Jacqueline said. "Why, it's only 9 o'clock."

He laughed. "Don't let us quarrel any more, Jackie."

"It isn't I who quarrel," she said indignantly.

"Then let us say it is I," he murmured, "and, having made of myself the culprit, we will return to the original subject."

"No. You will ask me to marry you again, and I won't."

"And yet you will give me no reason," he said gravely, coming close to her. "If you will say once with your eyes meeting mine that you do not love me I will promise not to ask you again for a fortnight."

Her eyes fell. "I want to be free."

He drew a long breath. "Oh, Little White Lady," he said, "would you feel caged to come to me? I have loved you so long, and you are only nineteen now. I was such a big boy when you used to flutter through the garden next door and peep through the hedge and beg for our roses."

"And even then you called me the Little White Lady," she reminded him.

"Yes, and when I went away two years ago I thought you would give me your heart, Little White Lady. But ever since my return you have evaded every question."

Further words he.

That night Philip Walford had a long talk with his host. "Is the father still daft on plant parasites?" he asked.

"Yes, and Jacqueline reads to him every night because his eyes are bad." "It's a beastly shame," Philip flung out.

When Jackie went home she refused to talk to Philip.

"Of course I saw him," she told her sisters wearily the first morning at breakfast, "and he's just the same old Phil."

"Did he make love to you?" Minette demanded.

"I should hope not." It was their father who spoke. "You know Jacqueline is already promised."

"Oh, that," laughed Minette, "of course! But that wouldn't keep her from flirting with Philip."

Jacqueline's face flamed. "It would," she declared. "I wouldn't flirt with Philip for anything in the whole wide world. He is too good, too true, to flirt with."

Minette looked at her curiously. "After that defense," she said, "the beast had better watch out for a rival."

The goggles were turned toward her. "Minette," her father asked in a heavy voice, "whom do you call the beast?"

"Von Puttkamer," said Minette sagely.

And now the goggles were turned on Jacqueline. "My dear, I have given my word to my friend."

Jackie stood up and faced him. "But I—I haven't said that I would, father," she said.

And with that she fled from the room and to the foot of the garden, where there was an old sundial that marked the dividing line between the two places. Beyond was the Walford rose garden, and on a stone bench overrun with ivy sat Philip sketching.

"Ah, my Little White Lady!" he said and made room for her, and then, as he saw her face, "What troubles you, dear?"

"Is anybody happy, Philip?" she asked, and she was very white.

He shook his head. "Who knows?" he murmured. "But all the rest of the world might weep if only I could make you smile."

"Let me sit by you and watch you," she said, "and don't ask me any questions."

With his charcoal he sketched the bench on which she sat, and, smiling whimsically, he drew her figure, changing her modern gown of dimity to one of flowing classic lines, and on her head he put a wreath of poppies. Then he drew himself at her feet clad in a leopard skin and laurel crowned, and on their faces was the radiance of love and of youth. And underneath the picture he wrote, "The Gods of Joy."

"There," he said as he showed it to her, "I have changed the faces so that no one will know. But you must hang it in your room, and when you think that the world is dark look at it and remember that the day you tell me you love me that day will you and I be gods of joy, Jackie."

After that he saw little of her, and he busied himself planning the great yearly festival that the Walfords always gave to their neighbors. This year it was to be a costume ball, held on the lawn.

"I shall go as 'Spring,'" Minette told Jacqueline, "and Lucia wants to be a 'Shepherdess,' and you might be 'Beauty' and have Von Puttkamer as the 'Beast.'"

"Don't joke about it, Minette," pleaded Jacqueline. "I hate"—

"Hush!" Minette warned. "Here he comes with father."

Von Puttkamer was big and burly and foreign. He stammered a little when he spoke to Jacqueline. "Your father has been telling me that it is all arranged—that I am to have much happiness."

"Oh," said Jacqueline, trembling, "I am not sure!"

"You are sure," said the old man impatiently. "It is all arranged, Von Puttkamer. You are to live here, and we will experiment together, and I with my knowledge and you with your practical experience—together we shall astonish the world."

Minette followed Jacqueline up to her room. "You are crying," she said. "Why don't you say that you won't do it, Jackie?"

"You know father," Jackie responded. "When he is crossed he stays up late and drinks, and I promised mother I would watch over him."

"I know," Minette said. For a moment the two girls clung together.

But after a little while they talked of other things, and Minette's eyes, roving about the room, fell on the sketch that Philip had made.

"What a beauty! Why—why, the girl looks like you, Jackie!"

"Does she?" asked Jackie listlessly.

But when Minette had gone she studied the picture carefully, and, all that night she sat up, fashioning a gown of clinging white and weaving pale pink poppies into a wreath.

And so it happened that Philip Walford, searching among the guests for the one who meant everything to him, found her on the bench in the rose garden.

"Jacqueline," he whispered.

"Philip," she said, "tonight I want to be one of the gods of joy."

"You mean?" radiantly.

"Oh, not what you think! Let me tell you, Philip—let me tell you now. I've got to marry some one else, and you must forget me."

Then she told him, leaving the worst until the last. "I wouldn't marry him only—only father drinks when he is unhappy, and he has his heart set on my marrying Von Puttkamer."

"You are hoping for impossibles," said Philip hotly.

But she was very firm. "I told you so that for tonight I might feel free, and now let's eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow—who knows?"

He fell in with her mood, and they went back to the ballroom and danced and laughed, but all the time their hearts were heavy and their eyes were sad. At midnight he took her for an hour, and when he came back he took her to the stone bench. "Listen," he said. "Oh, Little White Lady, you are going to marry me!"

"No," she whispered.

"Yes," Philip said, and all at once he smiled down at her. "Oh, Jackie, Jackie," he said, "why didn't you tell me long ago? Von Puttkamer was one of my classmates. He is in love with a pretty fraulein, but they couldn't marry because neither of them had a penny. And he gave her up and came to America. He thought that your money would mend his broken heart, and so he let your father arrange the match. But now he's going to send for the little fraulein. I have offered him a place on my North Carolina estate, and wedding bells shall ring for both of us."

"But my father?" Jacqueline whispered.

"We will send him down south with Von Puttkamer. Those great old forests will heal all disorders of mind and soul and body, and some day we will follow them and work out all our problems together, dear heart."

And in the comfort of his great strength Jacqueline rested content.

"I am so happy," she whispered. "Oh, Philip, Philip, has the moment come at last when we are really the gods of joy?"

Student Co-operation.

In every college there are numbers of good upper class men who are eager to co-operate with the faculty in starting freshmen along the right path, and it is amazing that thus far so little advantage has been taken of their services. Each of these upper class men should be given a list of from five to ten freshmen whom he would make it his duty to know. He would talk over with them their work and their play, their study, their amusements, their athletics. He would make sure that each, outside of his lessons, was given a sane interest, something to do for the college, whether participation in football or in debating or in writing for the college papers. He would see to it far more effectively than the dean or even than the advisors, that each was getting his fair chance socially. He would report cases where financial aid was needed or admonition or encouragement. As it is at present, many fellows are lonely. Many, especially from a distance, miss the recognition they deserve merely because they innocently roam outside the sphere of undergraduate life or, knowing no one at first, fall in with uncongenial classmates and, becoming discouraged, withdraw into themselves. To such lonely men the dangerous pleasures existing outside of college appeal as substitutes for what they have missed in college. These tragedies would be far less likely to occur if all members of the class were thrown together and natural associations facilitated through the provision of upper class men and advisers.—William R. Castle, Jr., in Atlantic.

A Hard Job.

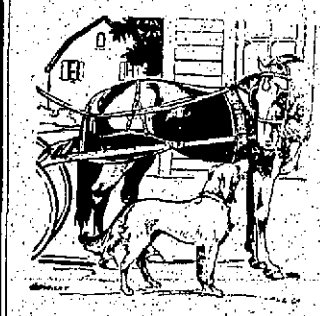
Willie—Papa, there's a big black bug on the ceiling. Papa (busy reading)—Well, step on it and don't bother me.—Boston Transcript.

To make laws complete they should reward as well as punish.—Goldsmith.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.



Animal Friends

will not let their horses suffer from want of proper food when they can get the choicest grain, feed hay and straw at our store. Give your horses good nourishing food that creates energy and endurance to work, and fire and ambition for speed by ordering your supplies from **F. A. GREEN.**

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

SUBSCRIBE FOR
THE "MINER"

Brasted's
Fine
TOBACCO
FRUIT
NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

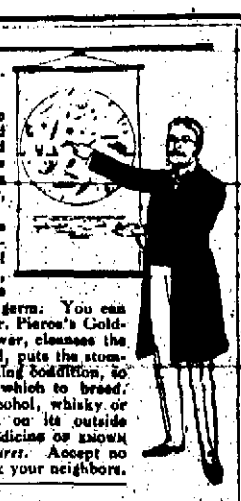
Advantage of Education.

"Are you satisfied with the results of the course which your daughter followed at college?"

"Perfectly satisfied. She is going to marry one of the professors."

Excesses in youth are drafts upon old age, payable about thirty years after date.—Chicago News.

Afraid of Ghosts



Many people are afraid of ghosts. Few people are afraid of germs. Yet the ghost is a fancy and the germ is a fact. If the germ could be magnified to a size equal to its terrors it would appear more terrible than any fire-breathing dragon. Germs can't be avoided. They are in the air we breathe, the water we drink.

The germs can only prosper when the condition of the system gives it free scope to establish itself and develop. When there is a deficiency of vital force, languor, restlessness, a sallow cheek, a hollow eye, when the appetite is poor and the sleep is broken, it is time to guard against the germ. You can fortify the body against all germs by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the vital power, cleanses the system of clogging impurities, enriches the blood, puts the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in working condition, so that the germ finds no weak or tainted spot in which to breed. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper. It is not a secret nostrum, but a medicine of known composition and with a record of *40 years of cures*. Accept no substitute—there is nothing "just as good." Ask your neighbors.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

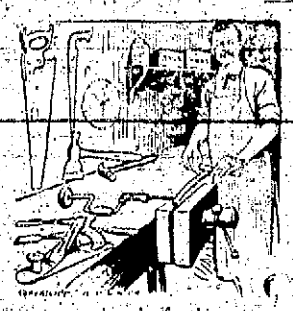
We are pleasantly located on ur new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING

n a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER $1.00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.



When Carpenters or cabinet-makers want to replenish their tool-chest at a very nominal cost, they come to us because they know that we carry complete stocks of all these goods and are way ahead of other stores in this line. Nothing missing—everything in the way of carpenters' tools and appliances is here, at reasonable prices. Patronize us.

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 3, 1910.

Local and General.

—This certainly is an ideal winter for business.

—The U. S. Girls is the next attraction at the Lyceum.

—Phonographs and records are advertised by Daly & Garlick this week.

—"Sunkist" oranges and lemons are advertised by J. Colegrove this week.

—Attend the clam chowder supper in St. Elizabeth's church Saturday evening.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Jones on Wednesday, Feb. 11, 1910, a daughter.

—Monarch shirts are being sold this week at Fry & Comes at reduced prices. See advertisement.

—Mrs. W. L. Hammar entertained a few friends at bridge at her home on West Main street Monday evening.

—Miss May Choate entertained a number of ladies at cards at her home on King street Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

—As will be seen by referring to the advertisement of H. W. Rubin is selling winter clothing at greatly reduced prices.

—Men or "Boys" who have been holding out for a bargain in either suit or overcoat, will find what they have been waiting for at Monhcimer's. Read his advertisement on this page.

—H. K. Johnson, aged 72 years, died very suddenly at his home in Derrick City on Sunday from a hemorrage of the brain. He was a prominent oil producer and well known throughout the county.

—Miss Golda and Nobles Schoonmaker entertained about twenty friends Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Mary Miller, who left on Wednesday for California where she will make her future home.

—The quarantine has been lifted from the home of S. S. Provin in Keating township. For the past two months or more Mr. Provin's children have been suffering with scarlet fever, but we are pleased to say they have all recovered.

—John McSweeney, a venerable citizen of Oil City, father of Henry McSweeney, Esq., and Hon. Edward McSweeney, formerly of Smethport, died last week. He was formerly a resident of Butler county and a man of most excellent qualities.

—A meeting of the stockholders of the Grange Telephone Association will be held at Farmers Valley Saturday evening, Feb. 8, when they will decide on extending their line to Coryville to connect with a proposed telephone line running up Moody Hollow.

—B. H. Fischer & Co. will move their stock of goods over to the store building on the corner at Coryville, formerly occupied by O. D. Underwood. This is a good location and Frisbee & Co. are lucky to get this building in which is located the post office.

—R. L. Andrus of Bolivar on Monday sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar his tract of 600,000 feet of hemlock timber at Rixford, Pa., to O. T. Thompson of Bradford and Frank Fritz of Simpson, Pa. This is the finest tract of forest growth hemlock in McKean county. The new owners will probably erect a mill on the property and saw the timber.

—The Rev. Wright Gibson, pastor of the McKees Rocks, Pa., Presbyterian church, Sunday notified engaged couples among his parishioners that he did not propose to unite any couples unless the bridegroom could prove that his income was at least $2,000 a year. The minister declares that with the present price of commodities this income is necessary to live. "Poverty leads to divorce," he said, "and I do not propose to assist the divorce cause."

Do You Really Love Dogs?

Perhaps the final test of anybody's love of dogs is willingness to permit them to make a camping ground of the bed. There is no other place in the world that suits the dog quite so well. On the bed he is safe from being stepped upon, he is out of the way of drafts, he has a commanding position from which to survey what goes on in the world, and, above all, the surface is soft and yielding to his outstretched limbs. No mere man can ever be so comfortable as a dog looks. Some persons object to having a dog on the bed at night, and it must be admitted that he lies a little heavily upon one's limbs, but why be so lean as to prefer comfort to companionship? To wake up in the dark night and put your hand on that warm, soft body, to feel the beating of that faithful heart—is not this better than undisturbed sloth? The best night's rest I ever had was once when a cocker spaniel puppy, who had just recovered from stomach ache (dose one to two soda mints) and was a little frightened by the strange experience, curled up on my shoulder like a fur tippet, gently pushed his cold, soft nose into my neck and there slept sweetly and soundly until morning.—H. C. Merwin in Atlantic.

Absentminded Dyer.

Charles Lamb had a friend named George Dyer who was perhaps the most absentminded man on record. It was Dyer who, leaving Lamb's Islington home at broad noonday, walked straight into the New river. He was known to take up a coal scuttle instead of his hat, to walk home with a footman's cockaded hat on and even to leave one of his shoes under the table and get well on his homeward way before discovering his loss. He called at a friend's one morning, heard that the family was away in the country, left his name in the visitors' book, and a few hours later called again, asked for the book again, and was satisfied to see his own freshly written name. Once, when Procter [illegible] with him, Dyer [illegible] The conversation being [illegible] with ginger. Presently [illegible] and threw a [illegible] and, [illegible] and [illegible] Dyer [illegible] was a [illegible] he might as well have attempted to stop the [illegible] arch of London bridge with his full bottomed wig. The most daring pathetic intentions were therefore treated as proof of mental weakness, and his will was promptly set aside. Among the many blundering wills that lawyers have made for their clients, if not for themselves, the strangest on record was that of a Dublin gentleman who left all his money to the elder son of his brother and, if he had no elder son, to the second.—London Chronicle.

Raindrops.

Drops of rain vary in their size perhaps from a twenty-fifth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. In parting from the clouds they probably gain their descent till the increasing resistance opposed by the air becomes equal to their weight, when they continue to fall with uniform velocity. This velocity is therefore in a certain ratio to the diameter of the drops; hence thunder and other showers in which the drops are large pour down faster than a drizzling rain. A drop of the twenty-fifth part of an inch in falling through the air would, when it had arrived at its uniform velocity, acquire a celerity of only eleven and a half feet per second, while one of a quarter of an inch would have a velocity of thirty-three and a half feet.

A Peacemaker.

It is a commonly accepted belief that nothing short of being pried loose will induce a bulldog to give up his grip on another dog or on an intruder, but this is a mistake. A little household ammonia poured on him as near his nose as circumstances will allow will make him let go immediately. The fumes of ammonia are so overpowering that a dog cannot possibly maintain his grip and his breath at the same time.—Country Life In America.

A Word to Parents.

Never amuse your children at the expense of other people; never allow your children to ridicule other people. Neglect this advice and the time will assuredly come when those children will amuse themselves with your foibles and ridicule your authority.—Exchange.

Which Was the Worse?

"When I returned from our poker party last night my wife just looked at me; not a word was spoken."

"My wife looked at me, too, and I don't believe that a word was unspoken."—Houston Post.

Reaching Conclusion.

"I imagine from your speech that you are a taxidermist."

"What makes you think so?"

"Principally because you tell me I am as wise as an owl and then try to stuff me."—Exchange.

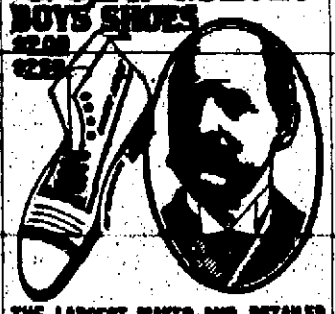
Peaceful.

Mrs. Frost—Who was it that said "Peace, perfect peace?". Frost—Some one whose telephone was out of order.—Life.

Cheerfulness is one of the surest indications of good sense.

Advertise in The Miner.

W.L.DOUGLAS $3.$3.50 & $4. SHOES
BOYS SHOES $2.00 $2.50



THE LARGEST MAKER AND RETAILER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD.

"SUPERIOR TO OTHER MAKES."

"I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the past six years, and always find they are far superior to all other high grade shoes in style, comfort and durability." W. C. JONES, 119 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would realize why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitute. If your dealer cannot fit you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

—FOR SALE BY—

ANDERSON & CARLSON
Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

Everything in the drug line pure and fresh at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE

Perfumes, Rubber Goods, Toilet articles, Stationery, Brushes Purses and Handbags.

Compare our prices. We can afford to sell at fair rates on prescriptions, etc.

A. B. ARMSTRONG,
Drug Store

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

Found Guilty

We have been found guilty by the citizens of Smethport of keeping

Fine Groceries

The evidence of thousands of customers was too strong. We're guilty and we're proud of it. If you are a customer of ours you know how good our Groceries are. If you are not, send us an order. We will fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Swift's Pride Soap a Specialty

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

"Sunkist"

Oranges, Lemons.

"SUNKIST" means orange perfection.

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

J. Colegrove,

Dealer in fine Groceries, Fancy Fruits and Delicacies.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR
FOR
MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS
The famous little pills.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

We Shoot Out 75 Pounds

Nearly Every Minute

Each mammoth gun, at each discharge, shoots out 75 pounds of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

And a gun, to meet the present demand, must be shot about every minute.

For, last month, seventeen million meals were served of these new, enticing foods.

If your folks like what most folks like, they'll enjoy these gigantic grains.

Crisp and nut-like—four times as porous as bread. Grains that melt in the mouth.

There is nothing else to compare with them. No cereal food half so good.

When you try them, you'll be glad that we told you about them. And your folks will be glad.

Don't wait longer. Order one package. Submit it to a vote of your table.

Puffed Wheat—10c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Puffed Rice—15c

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now. (7)

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements payable at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors', and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 3, 1910.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner:—Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay.

Bingamahoning, Pa., Nov. 15, 1909.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, Clearfield, Center and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. Primary Election, June 4, 1910.

Yours truly,
Charles E. Patton.
Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

The state is soon to bring a civil action from the parties connected with the capitol graft to recover the millions alleged to have been wrongfully paid. The estate of the late Contractor Sanderson and several other state officials, it is said, will be sued.

The great Paris flood is receding after doing millions of dollars' worth of damage and rendering hundreds of thousands homeless. In speaking of the havoc wrought by the flood the Era says: "The sewers, with which the foundation of Paris are honeycombed, are 13 feet in diameter and the total length of the network of drains is 900 miles. Under flood pressure these vast tunnels burst and have undermined the foundations of buildings. As these tubes also contain water conduits, gas pipes, telegraph, telephone and power wires, as well as the pneumatic postal tubes, the effects of a bursting sewer are widespread and serious. The catacombs extending under a considerable part of the left river bank afford another refuge for the vagrant waters. The subways, opened in 1900, furnish further underground avenues for the flood. The main subway line runs east and west through the center of the city from the Porte Du Vincennes to the Porte Maillot, a distance miles."

With this issue The Miner rounds out its tenth year under the present management, and we feel justified in saying that during that time we have, as a rule pleased our readers with the general policy. Ten years ago we took the editorial charge of this paper with practically no experience except that gained in the mechanical department, and doing a little pencil work in the local department. However the old friends of The Miner stock by us as a rule and new ones have been added until now we feel safe in saying that there are very few newspapers in the State in towns of this size that are doing a larger volume of business than The Miner. And while we are in no danger of becoming fabulously rich, as some people seem to think we ought, the business has been a moderately paying venture, and in many ways a pleasant occupation.

The political policy of The Miner has been uncompromisingly Republican during the past ten years. It and its editor has kept out of all factional fights, giving our friends and enemies an equal chance before the primaries and afterwards lending our hearty support toward his election whether he was a friend or foe. And after election, some of these men whom we have earnestly supported against our own better judgment, have gone out of their way to return evil for good in underhanded methods to injure this paper.

This has been done so often by a certain few that it is becoming a habit, which to us at least, appears to be a bad one, and in the future we intend to change our policy in a manner to correct it if possible. The political policy of The Miner will continue to be Republican, but there will be sufficient independence added to stop our shoving up the other cheek, at least until the first one has got over burning from unwarranted slaps administered.

We are going to be just as loyal in fighting the battles of our friends in the future as we have been in the past. But we are going to add another name at least to our list of friends, and that is ourself.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our regular correspondent)

Last week there were three congresses in Washington for besides the regular Congress on the Capitol Hill there was an assembly of governors, and the Civic Federation. Both these extra congresses have departed but the National Board of trade is here in session, numbering nearly eight hundred members. Not all of this number is here but a very large representative committee which may be called the brains of the organization is here to assist the committees of Congress and the people of the United States in bringing about a reduction in the cost of living. This is the subject which it appears, is agitating the country at large now and it is indeed a vital as well as a vietual subject. James J. Hill the great railroad magnate says "It is not the high cost of living that is bothering the country and creating anxiety in every community between the oceans but the cost if high living." There is a great deal in his exactitude of expression and he is no doubt correct in assuming that the cost of high living is at the bottom of the difficulty. Mr. Hill has traveled; he has read and studied and he has heard the eloquent orators of all parties apotheosize over the over flowing dinnerpail. He knows we feed our dogs more in this country than the working-men of China and India get to eat. He knows that we are the most wasteful and prodigal people on the face of the planet.

The women of Wahington are grappling with the subject and a society leader who has been distinguished for her entertainments without meat or strong drink,is very hopeful that the agitation against meat and the boycotts that are prevailing throughout the country may result in a permanent change in the popular diet that will result in a beneficial hygenic condition. There is probably too much meat in the national dietry and there would doubtless be less rheumatism, headaches and other uric acid diseases if cereals, fruit, milk and butter, olive oil and nuts were substituted in a greater degree for beef, mutton or pork.

It is said that the postal bank Bill will be passed by this congress. The Bill establishing such banks, presented by Senator Carter, is the one most favorably considered and it is expected that it will pass with but slight amendment.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, the wife of the famous Confederate general who was shot accidentally by his own men during the war, is now in Washington and was this week a dinner guest at the White House where she received a warm welcome from President and Mrs. Taft. Mrs. Jackson is visiting Mrs. Lotter whose eldest daughter it will be remembered married Mr. Curzon then a member of the British Parliament and who was afterwards knighted as the Baron Keddleston and was for a number of years Viceroy of India,an office of great state importance. The Viceroy used a considerable portion of his wife's great fortune in rowing the ancient ruins of Indin temples, in excavations and the collection and preservation of Indian antiquities.

It is evident that the Republican party as represented in the House of Representatives and the Senate has great anxiety with regard to the political future. Senator Root, diplomatist statesman and jurist as he is without doubt, has attempted a new role as political manager and is calling to the Republican cohorts in the Empire State to stand firm and die not. He realizes that Governor Hughes' administration, upholdingideals of purity and honesty in politics, has had a disintegrating effect on the party. The Republicans in Congress here realize that there is danger of losing the next House of Representative and ar doing everything in their power to turn the tide so as to secure a Democratic defeat in the coming elections. But they haave also to fight dissensions in their own ranks, for the insurgents are protesting against the present organization of the House. The Republicans are hoping that they may be able to make gains in the South. President Taft's evident popularity in some southern localities and the high tariff sentiment in some southern sections, they think, give promise of Republican success here and there, that may be in a degree offset Democratic gains in other parts of the Country.

It is quite unusual in fashionable Washington at least for the question "what shall we eat" to be of greater importance than "where—withal shall we be clothed," but the food questiln is paramount at present and is discussed in Congress in the Chamber of Commerce, in the Board of Trade, in the papers and everywhere. The discussion is having its effect and many retail dealers have slightly reduced the selling price of flesh foods, butter and eggs. There is a vegetarian cult in Washington and its votaries see in this agitation the dawn of a vegetarian millennium when cereals, nuts, legumes, butter, milk, and oil will be substituted for the muscular and fatty parts of the animal. We have read that the orientals in China live on next to no meat, and that those of India religiously abstain from all flesh foods. Your correspondent has seen life in both countries and can testify from observations on the spot that the cost of what the average American workman spends for food in one day will furnish an oriental sustenance for one week. His wages are three anas or six cents a day and he boards and clothes himself.

Wanted—Salesmen to sell our guaranteed Oils and Paints. Experience unnecessary. Extremely profitable offer to right party. The EMPIRE OIL Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending Jan. 29, 1910.

Farrington, Ray.
Forlina, Maria.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from the date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST want a man or woman in SMETHPORT and vicinity to look after subscription renewals and to forward new business. A guaranteed weekly salary, the amount depending on the work done, and a commission on each order. Experience unnecessary. Any one can build up a permanent paying business without capital. Complete outfit and instructions free.

Agents' Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
225 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Notice of Appeals for McKean County, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners, sitting as a board of revision will be at the places named below at the time specified for the purpose of listening to appeals from the assessment as revised and equalized.

The Assessors are expected to be in attendance at the time of appeal for their respective districts.

Appeals on the Military Enrollment will be held on the same days and at the same places.

For Kane Borough 1st Ward, February 21st; Kane Borough 2nd Ward, February 22nd; Kane Borough 3rd Ward, February 23rd; Kane Borough 4th Ward, February 24th.

Hamilton Township, February 25th, at Kane; Wetmore Township, February 26th, at Kane; Hamlin Township, February 28th, at Mt. Jewett.

Mt. Jewett Borough, March 1st, at Mt. Jewett.

Lafayette Township, March 2nd, at Mt. Alton.

Bradford City 1st and 2nd Wards, March 3rd; 3rd and 4th Wards, March 4th; 5th and 6th Wards, March 5th, at City Building.

Bradford Township, March 7th; Foster Township, March 8th; Corydon Township, March 9th, at City Building Bradford.

Eldred Borough, March 10th; Eldred Township, March 11th, a. m.; Ceres Township, March 11th, p. m., at Eldred.

Otto Township, March 12th, at Duke Center. Port Allegany Borough, March 14th; Liberty Township, March 15th, a. m.; Annin Township, March 15th, p. m., at Port Allegany.

Smethport Borough, March 16th; Keating Township, March 17th; Sergeant and Norwich Townships, March 18th, at the Court House, Smethport.

Given under our hands and seal of office at Smethport, Pa., this 19th day of January, 1910.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners.

Attest:
A. B. WALKER,
Clerk.

SEND STAMP TO-DAY FOR OUR FEBRUARY LIST.

YOUR CHOICE OF

150 MONEY MAKING FARMS

NEW YORK FARMS.

Our February farm list out to-day, describes 150 money making farms listed with us for sale. These farms vary in size from 5 to 940 acres and in price from $450 to $20,000. All of them are worth more money. Many belong to estates, some to men who desire to retire, in every case there is a good reason for selling. Some of these farms have timber lots, some stock and tools and with some crops in the barn are included. All of them are for sale on reasonable terms, some of them on easy payments. The list also describes many exceptional business opportunities.

If you want to sell your farm, your store, your timber land, your village property, your hotel, or any other property that you desire to dispose of at a fair price, you need our selling service. We list free of charge, our advertising reaches five million people a week, and when a sale is made you pay us a small commission for our services. We have pleased hundreds of clients, we can please you. So whether you wish to buy or sell, you beter write us all about it to-day. "He who brings buyer and seller together in honest trade, does good to both."

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration in the estate of Isaac Huntley, late of Keating Township, McKean Co., Pa., deceased, have been granted to R. H. Huntley. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

R. H. HUNTLEY,
Administrator.
Coryden, Pa.

Dec. 7, 1909.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

SOME LAUNDRIES
Do good work some of the time.
MANY LAUNDRIES
Do good work most of the time.
This Laundry
Does good work ALL OF THE TIME.
We Solicit Your Work.
City Steam Laundry
Bradford, Penna.
Morrison & Hogarth, local agents, Armstrong's Drug Store.

To My Customers

I have now in stock at a very low price, a quantity of globes that fit the Cunningham Light.

Don't forget the Place.

E. W. Strong

Disposed of all our old stock to a commission merchant last week. Anything you buy here now is new. No more old stock here.

UP-TO-DATE SUITS AND OVERCOATS
AT GREAT REDUCTIONS
H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

Bric a Brac,
Books for Children,
Copyrights,
Popular Fiction at 50c a Copy.
Call and see what we Have to offer.
McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Hollier I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

A BIG SAVING!
THE BEST BOYS' MAGAZINE AND THE BEST NEWSPAPER
AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

That's what comes of getting together. We have combined with the publisher of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and the result is that you can have THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and YOUR OWN PAPER, THE McKEAN MINER for the very low price given below.

You cannot bring into the life of the boy you love a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to The Boys' Magazine.

EACH ISSUE CONTAINS
36 large pages (11x15 inches)
Two fine serials
From six to eight clever short stories
Numerous special articles
Beautiful illustrations throughout
Handsome cover in colors (cover changed each month)
A Big Athletic Department, edited by WALTER CAMP
Director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true, manly sportsmanship.
Departments of Electricity, Mechanics, Photography, Stamps, Coins and Curios that are interesting and instructive.
Each department is attractively illustrated

A TYPICAL ILLUSTRATION
From THE BOYS MAGAZINE

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR,
AND YOUR OWN PAPER,
THE McKEAN MINER ONE YEAR,
BOTH FOR $1.60

SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW
ADDRESS
The McKean County Miner, Smethport, Pa.

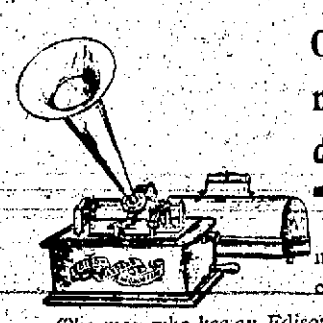
McCall's Patterns

The Lindholm Co.

WATCH FOR REMNANT SALE NEXT WEEK.

The Lindholm Company

SMETHPORT, PENNA.



Once there was an old maid who said that she did not need to marry.

She had a parrot that swore, a monkey that chewed tobacco, and a cat that went out nights.

The man who has an Edison Phonograph might say he never needs to go anywhere for amusement, as he has an instrument that will play dance music, sing the popular songs, tell funny stories, render the old ballads, give selections from grand opera and play rag-time, all with equal facility.

At the dealer's is the place to hear it first—afterwards in your own home. The Edison Phonograph records always in stock.

WHEN YOU THINK OF HARDWARE, THINK OF

DAVIS & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 3, 1910.

Local and General.

—Six weeks more of winter.

—Lent begins on Wednesday of next week.

—One week from next Monday, Feb. 14, is St. Valentine's Day.

—C. S. VanDusen has added a shooting gallery to his box ball parlors.

—J. W. Lee has been confined to the house with illness for several days.

—Alex Cunningham, the drayman, has placed a Bell telephone in his residence.

—Mrs. Charles W. Freeman is to entertain a chain tea to-morrow afternoon at her home.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany, on Saturday, January 2, 1910, a girl.

—Mrs. A. B. Kidder's Sunday school class will hold its monthly social at the chapel on Friday evening.

—Mrs. J. C. Backus entertained the Kensington Club at her home on East Main street Monday evening.

—Some of the school friends of Marguerite Knapp made her a party on Wednesday evening in honor of her birthday.

—Yesterday was ground hog day and if he took the trouble to come out of his hole he had no trouble in seeing his shadow.

—Mrs. Stubenraugh has resigned her position with the Bell Telephone Co., to accept a position in the office of Holmes & Gilfillan.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sandford L. Fry and Mr. and Mrs. Leo L. Herzog entertained a large party of friends at euchre at Holder hall Tuesday evening.

—E. C. Nellis, who was so badly injured a week ago last Saturday, is improving rapidly and now hopes are entertained of saving the sight of his eye.

—The Wesleyan extra meetings advertised to begin Jan. 31 at the Baptist church are postponed until Feb. 4. Do not forget them. Regular meetings as usual. J. E. Tiffany, pastor.

—Miss Orra Campbell, who formerly was an employe in the office of Holmes & Gilfillan, has accepted a position with the Scott F. Redfield Publishing Company of this place.

—At the Olean Minister's Club on Monday next the Rev. Louis F. Ruf of the First Presbyterian church of Olean will read a paper on "The Church and her Modern Critics." The Rev. Roscoe Graham of Portville will review Dr. Gordon's recent book "Religion and Miracle."

—At the Methodist Episcopal church there will be all the regular services next Sunday and in connection with the Sunday school there will be some special features for the Missionary service.

—One of the first questions that will be asked by the census enumerator when he calls next spring is who is the head of the house? As that question has never been fully settled in some households, it might be well to have it out in the meantime.—Ex.

—A clam chowder supper will be given in the basement of St. Elizabeth's church on Saturday evening at the usual hour. P. S. Curran will act as chef which is ample assurance that everything will be first-class. Chowder, including an excellent supper, 35c.

—Four hundred men from No. 2 shaft at DuBois recently joined the "No meat for us" shouters and stopped eating that product on February 1 and continue for one month. Others are joining the movement in that vicinity and things look dismal for the butchers.

—The management of the Big Level & Kinzua narrow gauge between here and Mt. Jewett deserve a great dal of praise for keeping passenger trains running between here and that place, and it is greatly appreciated by the traveling public, for without the little road Kane would be greatly handicapped.—Kane Republican.

—Nellie, the 10-year-old daughter of A. L. Murphy, accidentally tipped over a dipper full of boiling water on her sister, Mona, aged 18 months, burning the left side of the body and face severely. Dr. Meacham was called and eased the little one but whether or not it would stand the shock was uncertain this morning.—Eldred Eagle.

—Tuesday's Kane Republican says: The Baltimore and Ohio railroad, which has been snowbound between here and Clarion junction for the past few days will probably be open by to-morrow for business. The company has a large force of men working to-day and expect to get the road open to-morrow or the next day. The drifts are deep and in some places are a half a mile long.

—Dennis Bush and Mark Johnson came to town yesterday from the Willow Creek district. Dennis and Mark are old cronies and are typical backwoodsmen in many ways. After reaching the city Dennis, so Mark says, told him to dispose of his (Dennis') horse, which they had driven to Bradford. And Mark sold the horse, the cutter and harness for $25, says the Era. It is alleged that after this transaction was pulled off Mark and Dennis participated in a social reunion of their own at an inn. But when Dennis discovered that his rig had been sold instead of having been traded, as he had expected it to, he told the police and Mark was arrested on a charge of larceny as bailee. The outcome of it was that Johnson was locked up to await developments.

—Last Thursday afternoon the "Merry Widow" which connects with Pennsylvania trains at Larabee ran through an open switch at East Smethport and put the little train out of business, temporarily. The passengers were transferred to the Pennsylvania local which happened along at that time and connections were made without trouble. No one was injured and the damage was slight.

—Ash Wednesday services at St. Luke's church: Holy Communion, 8 a. m.; Mattuis, Litany and Penetential Office, 10:30 a. m.; Children's service, 4:00 p. m. The Rector will hold evening services at All Saints' chapel, East Smethport, at 7:30 p. m. Ash Wednesday and all Wednesdays in Lent. Clergymen from out of town will preach at the services on Friday evenings in Lent. Rev. Frank T. Cady of Port Allegany will preach the first Friday in Lent, Feb. 11.

—Last Saturday evening some prowler broke into The Miner office through the back door, breaking out a window light in accomplishing his purpose. That he secured no plunder goes without saying, but the next time this little game is tried said prowler is very liable to receive a charge of shot for his pains. About the only thing of value that anyone could handily carry away from a printing office would be an idea and we keep ours safely locked up over Sunday.

—Dorothy Towner of Brooklyn, who is just sixteen months old, but who in that length of time has been the cause of a complete stirring up in her immediate neighborhood. The reason is because she has been kept most of her life in a box on her mother's fire escape. Her mother says that it was the only thing that has saved her life and that the child will die if deprived of complete open air surroundings. The neighbors have appealed to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and to the Board of Health but the agents of each have decided that fire escape treatment is beneficial to the little child's health.

—Corry for the past few days has been the Mecca toward which all circus men traveled, the attraction being the auction sale of the Cole Bros. show. There were many horse lovers from towns in this section present. A number of bargains were made in horse flesh, the stable being a magnificent one. One camel went at $65 and similar bargain prices prevailed for elephants, leopards, foxes, a lynx and real polar bear. The highest price for an elephant was $1,500, and the lowest $500. The latter was "Queen," who hasn't a good reputation. One pair of Bengal tigers brought $1,400. A black named lion sold for $660 and his female for $370.

—Some ingenious Indiana fishermen have devised a novel and it is said, highly effective method of filling their baskets. The latter appear to be market baskets, not those of the sporting variety. A trolley line running between neighboring towns skirts the banks of a river. A considerable leakage of current from its overhead wires was finally traced to fishermen by both the company and the game wardens. These electrical poachers simply run a tap wire from the trolley wire into the water. The current stuns all fish in the immediate neighborhood, and they are then collected by means of scoop nets. This, of course, is extralegal slaughter and pot-hunting of an aggravated kind, but at the present price of meat it seems almost excusable.—New York Press.

—The Kane Republican says: Recently one of our most fastidious young men bought a pair of overalls and found in the name of the sewing girl who had made them. He very promptly wrote her a letter with all the effusiveness necessary in such a case and in due time received a reply, which however, was void of the romance usual in such cases. Here it is: "I am a working girl, it is true, but I make a good living and I do not care to support a husband, I would probably have to do, if I married some silly noodle who gets mashed on a girl he never saw. Permit me to further say that I do not know how my card got in that pair of overalls and that when I do marry, if ever, it will be some fellow who can afford something better than a forty-seven cent pair of breeches."

For Sale.

5 Portland Cutters (new).
1 set new Dickey Bobs.
3 2nd hand cutters.
1 2nd hand 3-seat light Bobs.
1 Surrey Sleigh in good condition.
5 Single Harnesses.

A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 27, 1910.

The best pills DeWitt's Little Early Risers—the safe way, pleasant and sure little liver pills. DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is the original. Good for cuts, burns or bruises, and especially for piles. Sold by I. C. Wells, Smethport; and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Subscribe for The Miner.

Personal Mention.

Miss Anna Schnabel of Olean is the guest of friends in town this week.

Dr. Ide L. Kinney of Port Allegany was a Smethport visitor last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Raymond of Port Allegany are visitors in town this week.

Miss Frances Steinhauer of Farmers Valley is the guest of friends in town this week.

Charles McKean and Horace H. Redfield have returned from an extended Southern trip.

Col. Mellville Gillett has returned from a business visit to Buffalo and New York.

Mrs. Robert H. Rose of Binghamton, N. Y., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dunjohn and daughter, Maude, of St. Marys are visiting friends in town.

Thomas O'Brien was called to Costello on Monday by the death of his brother-in-law, James Driscoll.

Several Valley people visited Smethport last Monday evening to hear E. B. Dorset speak on Grange work.

J. M. Harrigan and daughter, Ethel, of Detroit, Mich., are the guests of Mrs. A. E. Hoffman and other relatives.

Miss Katheryn Morey returned home Wednesday from Bradford where she had been the guest of friends for several days.

Noble Schoonmaker will leave tomorrow for Sugar Grove, Pa., where he will enter school with the expectation of graduating in June.

R. F. D. Ruling.

Postmaster Gallup has received the following from the Postoffice Department:

In view of the extent to which the practice of placing loose coins in boxes by rural patrons has grown, and the delay in the delivery and collection of mail and the hardship imposed on rural carriers incident thereto, you are informed that, commencing February 15, proximo, rural letter carriers will not be required to collect loose coins from rural mail boxes.

Patrons should enclose coins in an envelope, wrap them securely in a piece of paper, or deposit them in a coin-holding receptacle, so they can be easily and quickly taken from the boxes, and carriers will be required to lift such coins, and, where accompanied by mail for dispatch, attach the requisite stamps.

Notice.

Messrs. Morrison and Hogarth having represented the Agency of the City Steam Laundry of Bradford, Pa., for the past year, have sold out to Mr. E. O. Gaskin, prop. City Shaving Parlor. Customers who have been sending their laundry work to the City Steam Laundry of Bradford will receive the same courteous attention by Mr. Gaskin who will continue to call for your Bundle as usual. In order to give you the best work and delivery service, it is necessary to send your work with as much regularity as possible. That is to have one certain day to send it, and have your package ready when we call.

Yours respectfully,
CITY STEAM LAUNDRY,
Bradford, Pa.
E. O. GASKIN,
Local Agent.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are urinary disorders, weak back and backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains and twinges, pains in the groins, etc. There is nothing as good for kidney and bladder trouble as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. You may depend upon them to give entire satisfaction. They are antiseptic, act promptly and soothe pain. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Advertise in The Miner.

WM. MONHEIMER.

First Come First Served

We have 39 Suits and 22 Overcoats that were our "top-notchers" in style and quality and sold for $15, $16.50 and $17.50, which we will close at

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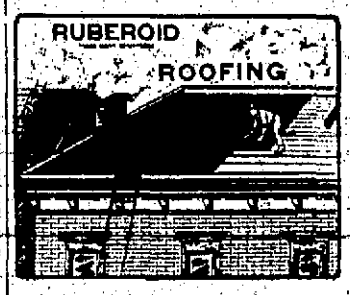

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A Matter of Business

1

Marietta Finally Understood the Lawton Case

By JOANNA SINGLE.

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Frank Worthing frowned as he looked up from the code at his partner, William Butler, who, with his straw hat pushed back on his rumpled fair hair, was still insisting that he leave the office for the rest of the day.

"Confound you, Billy, heat or no heat, August or December, a fellow that's going to get on in the law simply must do some studying. Can't you get it through your thick head when I say I am not going that I mean it? Take the girls by yourself if they are silly enough to like your company. Can't see what anything bigger than a child sees in a vaudeville park anyhow. Now, Billy, get out of here, do! Your everlasting grin gives me a temperature, and the heat is bad enough this afternoon as it is."

Butler surveyed his friend with elaborate pity. "Poor boy!" he commented ruminatingly. "He hasn't been himself since he won the big case last month. Turns down his friends, flocks by himself. Must have overworked or else he's in love. Must be love. Perhaps the fair Alice will capitulate after all. She ought to after you saved her fortune from a greedy stepmother. Go after it, son. Well, by-by. Me to Grace and Marietta and the despised park."

Alice Lawton, indeed, thought Worthing. Well, that idea was better in Butler's shallow pate than the real truth—namely, that Marietta's sudden fondness for his partner was eating his heart out. It was always Marietta and Billy Butler everywhere, and he used to think it was Grace for whom Billy longed. Worthing had known no inner peace since Marietta had come last winter to live with her cousin, Grace Hunter, from the first unfolding the girl's dark, virile, serious face, sweet eyes, gay laughter, had not left his consciousness. And she had certainly seemed to like him, even to prefer him, to let him monopolize her some, what and even to be demurely glad when they were left alone together.

Gloomily reflecting, he began to wonder what had changed her. June had been a long time. If he had spoken then all might have been well, but that Lawton inheritance case came to him. He recognized the professional opportunity, worked on it like a slave day and night all through July and was feeling that he had now a little better basis for offering his heart to the girl he loved. He was also delighted because he had done a service to Alice, his lifelong friend. But what had changed Marietta?

Finding himself unable to study, Worthing phoned for his car and sped to the office. He would go for Alice and take her for a spin and have dinner at the golf club and then ride again till the moon came up. Perhaps they might go through the park themselves, and—no, he would let Marietta alone. He recognized that he longed to see her.

But Alice was not at home, and, bitterly lonely, he motored out into the country. As the sun set and the cool of evening came on his troubled heart grew more calm. He would reason with himself, try to see what he had done or left undone, why Marietta when he went back to her, flushed and joyous with his victory, had received him with the frozen sweetness of a dish of ice cream and thereafter managed never to be with him alone for a single moment. The first time he had noticed it was once when, with Alice, whom he was taking to his office, he met her on the street just in front of the building. Her greeting had been very cool.

Worthing drew up beneath a great tree and, taking a little photo of the girl from his pocket, looked at it with loving inquiry. He recalled that another time that she had been cool to him was when he was telling her how much it meant to Alice to get her legal rights and how glad he was to have been able to help her. That was at the golf club dance, and after that she had been unable to find a dance for him. He sat thinking.

Suddenly it came to him—the ridiculous little key to the solution. He started the machine, headed again for the city, driving like one in a sort of happy insanity. He would go straight to the park, find her and see her long enough to ask her if he was right if he had to toss Billy into the lake to be rid of him. Of course a fellow couldn't ask a girl directly what he intended to know, but he was lawyer enough to extract from her indirectly all he desired. He could not wait to see her—it was all so foolishly simple.

It was nearly dark when, with hope and fear mingling in his heart, he reached the park and, impatiently obedient to the rules and the watchful police, crawled slowly along the drives looking for a group in which he might distinguish Marietta's slim little figure and crown of dark hair. Where in the world could they be? He stopped on a wrong clew several times and at last went slowly to a remote corner where there was a great old fashioned swing. It would be like that idiot Butler to take her off to chatter to her unhindered and perhaps to swing her, for she loved to risk her little life, and Worthing had always had a deadly fear that the chains or something might break. He had seen one such accident. Now he began to be sure Butler was not fit to look after her.

His surmise had been right. He saw Grace, tall and big and blond, standing watching that consummate idiot, Billy, as he pushed Marietta, his Marietta, high and yet higher into the air. He jumped from his car, motioning Butler, who did not see him, to stop, not daring to call lest he frighten her. He was sure the swing was not safe. He came running up, facing the girl, who, as she receded to be pushed forward again by Butler, saw him and gave a little cry. But she came inward him, far out. His heart stopped as a sudden warning creak from the chains made him look up. The chain had broken.

Without an instant's hesitation he held up his arms for her and shouted, "Jump, Marietta, jump!" Such command, such conviction, rang in his voice that the girl obeyed as if her own mind had prompted her. While a horribly frightened silence fell on the others and some people close by came running up she fell safely into his arms, where he stood holding her, telling her and the rest, telling himself, that she was not hurt. And, indeed, she had miraculously escaped without harm, for Butler had caught the chain so the swing could not strike her as she fell.

It seemed ages to Frank Worthing before he made everybody go away before it dawned on Butler, who was strangely willing, that he was to take Grace home and leave him (Worthing) to bring Marietta when and how he chose. She was very silent and queer, and he had felt her cling to him as he held her in his arms as if she would never leave that shelter.

They did not go straight home, be it said, but out to the country. And they saw the moon rise, and many things were said, especially by Worthing, whose usual slowness of speech melted away under his great need. So presently they were very much engaged, and he stopped the car, much better to hold her hand, a proceeding of much greater importance than reaching home, where he would have to let her out of his sight till the next day. Then she demanded what had brought him to the park. It gave him the desired opening.

"You," he answered, with succinct promptitude. "I was going to toss Billy into the lake while I asked you what I had done or left undone that I should be driven out of paradise. It dawned on me that I might have neglected you during that Lawton case, because, you see, Alice"—He felt his beloved stiffen.

"I'm sure nobody ever thought of slighting your devotion to Miss Lawton, if—" But he shamelessly interrupted:

"But, Marietta, dearest, you surely knew it was a legal necessity for me to see her—to"—

"To take her alone—to your office—I saw you, Frank—to be with her constantly, to have time for nobody else." After mine was waiting for her in my office that time. I had to be with her. It was a matter of business. You surely see that, Marietta? And surely you know it is you that I love?" His heart sang to think that he had been right, that she had been jealous that she cared enough for him to be jealous. That was the wonder. Most of all his heart sang to know that in the moonlight she lifted her face to give him a kiss of forgiveness for the offense he had never committed. He reflected that he was not the first man probably to joyfully accept pardon for what he had not done; that she was not the first woman to whom a man had vainly explained a matter of business.

"Of course," she said suddenly, drawing back to look at him, "you know I was not jealous. She is not the sort of girl I could be jealous of—so very—unattractive." Worthing's laughter was silent, a thing of the inner man. Alice Lawton, his old friend, an accepted beauty, unattractive! But he was wise, and his disloyalty was very lovelike.

"Marietta, did you suppose I could think you were jealous? And as for Alice, well, you know I can't see other women. I am blind."

Very Narrow Escape.

A queer reminiscential gleam crept into the eyes of the barber with the long, low, rakish forehead as he suddenly rested his razor while shaving the Adam's apple of the lean, nervous looking man in the chair.

"I was King Louis XIV. of France last night," said the barber suddenly, the razor still poised about half an inch above the lean customer's Adam's apple.

The customer blinked and breathed hard, the shaved side of his face being nearly as white as the still lathered other side.

"Wait a minute," he said, placing a shaking hand on the barber's shaving arm.

He sat up straight in the chair with a wild look and then made a bolt for the door.

"Whew!" he yelled as he went. "What an escape! King Louis XIV.! Bughouse! He wouldn't have done a thing to me! And, with a towel streaming in the breeze and one side of his face still lathered, he loped down the street.

"Well, I'll be dadbinged!" muttered the barber. "Now, what kind of cogs has that fellow got in his conk? I was only trying to tell him that I was King Louis XIV. at the barbers' masquerade ball last night, and look at him going after the mile record!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Friend.

"Every man, in my theory, will get just what he deserves in the long run."

"Heaven pity you, old chap!"—Cleveland Leader.

THE QUEST OF THE RED SLIPPER.

Dicky Secured the Prize and Got His Reward.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

An hour after dinner on that first Saturday evening Dicky Ames left his comfortable chair in the smoking room and made his way to the great entrance hall, where the younger guests were gathered about a roaring driftwood fire.

He leaned against the high chimney piece and from his shadowy corner watched the light and sparkle of Kitty Austin's lovely dark face. Once her soft eyes met his wistful glance, and she threw him a smile that set his heart to beating heavily.

"Kitty says she shall not dance until her slipper has been found," laughed Edith Bolter, with a mischievous glance at Dicky.

He leaned forward and glanced down at the hearth, where a little red slipper rested lightly on the fender. The other foot was hidden amid the soft fullness of Kitty's red skirts.

"Where did you lose it?" asked Dicky eagerly.

Kitty blushed, and a distressed look came into her beautiful eyes. Dicky remembered that he had met a similar glance across the dinner table earlier in the evening.

"Miss Austin won't tell," drawled Chambers lazily, "but it is a fact that she has not stirred from her chimney corner since dinner."

A laugh went around the circle, but Dicky winced at the air of quiet possession which Mark Chambers had assumed toward Kitty. He drew a long breath and turned away.

"I will find the slipper," he said, coloring boyishly.

"And Kitty shall give you the first dance," fluttered Edith.

Dicky paused. "I will be honored," he said stiffly. "But the service is its own reward."

The men stirred uneasily, and Chambers half rose from his seat.

DICKY AMES SAT UPON THE PROSTRATE BODY OF A MAN.

only to sink down beside Kitty on the settle.

"I prefer this seat to deeds of venture," he said carelessly, with a smile at Kitty.

But Miss Austin was looking around at the circle of blase faces. She lifted her eyes and flashed a strange glance into the only face which reflected her own fresh, unspoiled youth.

And Dicky, with that look engraved upon his clean heart, made his way toward the dining room with a dizzy look in his blue eyes and an amazing wonder knitting his forehead.

It could not be possible that lovely little Kitty Austin, whom he had loved so hopelessly, would look at a struggling young lawyer, one so painfully young and diffident and so obviously struggling, but—

He pushed the dining room door softly open and found himself in total darkness. It was characteristic of Dicky's romantic and chivalrous nature that he would not profane this quest with the sputtering flare of a prosaic match or the white light of the electroliers.

He took a few steps forward and touched the polished edge of the table. Then he dropped to his knees on the soft rug and crawled under the big piece of furniture.

His fingers groped over the floor and suddenly closed upon a bit of soft kid, which as suddenly wriggled out of his grasp. The next instant a pair of long arms were twined about him, and he was writhing in silent combat with an unseen foe.

Over and over they rolled, the strange man panting heavily and muttering angry imprecations under his breath as Dicky strove with him for the possession of the red slipper.

It was snatched from Dicky's grasp, and the high heel came in sharp contact with his temple, and he felt the blood trickling down into his eyes. There was a jeweled buckle that tore his fingers as he fought for the prize.

The man laughed exultingly at Dicky's involuntary exclamation of pain, and then they clutched one another savagely, and Dicky Ames got the upper hold.

A heavy chair toppled over with a crash on the parquet floor, and almost instantly a door opened, and Saunders, the butler, slipped on the lights.

His shout of surprise brought a chorus of shrieking maid servants, while through the opposite door the guests streamed into the room.

In the midst of wild disorder Dicky Ames sat upon the prostrate body of a man, a lean with sullen eyes and heavy jowl, who glared at them savagely. Near him on the rug lay a gleaming revolver and a black mask and a burglar's jimmy.

Dicky Ames, with blood stained face and one eye rapidly discoloring, with torn clothing, the white expanse of shirt front stained an ominous crimson, minus collar and tie—Dicky Ames gory, slightly bewildered, but smiling, was holding the twitching hands of his captive in a strong grip, while in his other hand dangled a tattered red slipper.

"Has wicked-a-lookin' specimen has Hi care to know, sir," wheezed Saunders as he carefully disposed his bulk upon the unfortunate burglar. "Hif one of you gentlemen will kindly telephone to the police Hi will relieve Mr. Hames."

Dicky got stiffly upon his feet and looked dazedly about him. Chambers was eying him with jealous distrust.

"Where did you find him, Ames?" he sneered.

"Under the table," returned Dicky shortly.

"In the dark?"

Dicky nodded and peered about for a sight of Kitty.

"She is sitting by the fire alone," whispered Edith Bolter, with a friendly little push.

Silently they opened ranks to let the victor through, and more than one man stared curiously after him.

Some one had sped the news to Kitty, and she was sitting on the settle with bright, tearful eyes and very pink cheeks when Dicky came striding down the long hall, the red slipper swinging from one bloodied hand. He dropped on his knees before her.

Kitty thrust out a timid silk stockinged foot, and Dicky tenderly fitted the little shoe slipped to its place. She touched his broad shoulder with her fan.

"Rise, Sir Knight of the Slipper!" she said, with a tremulous little laugh.

Dicky sat close by her on the high backed settle, his lips tender, countenance eyes, a blushing and assured return. Soft strains of a waltz came from the drawing room.

"Kitty," said the struggling young lawyer with strenuous diffidence, "I suppose, you couldn't—er—you couldn't care enough about me to—" His voice failed, and he looked down at the soft mist of dark hair beside him.

And lo, the dusk hair touched his shoulder for a dazzling instant as Kitty whispered softly:

"Indeed, indeed, I could!"

True Stories About Large Feet.

The conversation turned on big feet, remarks a writer in The Bits, when one of the company said he believed his pal, Smith, would take some beating in that line.

"I was out walking with Smith one day when he slipped down with the soles of his boots pointing to a grocer's window. The grocer rushed out to inquire who was putting the shutters up."

"That's pretty fair," said a soldier who was present, "but a fellow in our company beat it hollow. After a sharp fight with the enemy we were obliged to retreat, when on looking back we saw one of our men standing upright on the field. The fact was the poor fellow had got such feet that he never fell down when he was shot."

"Well," said a horse dealer who sat in the corner, "that's rather tall. But let me have a try. A fellow came down to our stables the other day in a hurry to hire a horse for a journey he was going on. 'I'll have that one,' said he, pointing to a horse in the yard. 'Why, there isn't a man in the world can ride that animal,' I said. 'He'll work in a cart or plow, but no one can stay on his back.' 'I'll try him anyway,' said the stranger as he sprang into the saddle. I expected to see him pitched off, but the horse looked around, saw the man's feet and trotted quietly off. He thought he was between a pair of shafts."

An Exciting Situation.

It was the ninth inning, and the visiting team was at bat. The score was a tie, and every spectator in grand stand or bleacher was on edge. To make it more exciting the bases were full, with two men out, and the team's best swatter was up, with three balls and no strikes to his credit.

In this trying moment the pitcher flung one straight at the plate.

"Str-r-r-ike one!"

A yell broke from thousands of throats.

Again the ball darted toward the plate.

"Str-r-r-ike two!"

Another unearthly yell wafted up from the assemblage. Then a death-like stillness fell over all as the pitcher carefully adjusted himself for the next and last effort.

In the midst of this pervading hush a young lady just back of the catcher loudly appealed to her escort:

"Will I do hope the Giants win?"

"They'll stand a good show if they put this man out."

"Everybody here seems to want to have him put out, don't they, Will?"

"They certainly do."

"Then why doesn't one of those idle policemen put the horrid thing out?"—Judge.

Temples of Siam.

Once a year all the Buddhist temples in Siam are visited by the king or his deputies, bearing the phra kathin (yellow robes), in conformity with an ancient custom by which the priests were made to seek their apparel for the ensuing year. During the lifetime of Buddha monks and priests were sent out to beg for old castoff garments, which were afterward dyed yellow and patched together to form the required robes. This ancient mendicant custom gradually gave place to the present one of making the garments from a new cloth of a bright canary yellow, provided by joint contributions of king, princes, nobles and commoners. When the king goes in the royal barge to present the robes in person he does so with great pomp and ceremony. The priestly garments, folded in bundles, are carried to the door of the temple to await the appearance of his majesty and his suit. The king on arriving takes a priestly robe and places it on a decorated altar. The chief priest then lays his hands on the garment and chants an acknowledgment.—Wide World Magazine.

Won by His Wit.

A story is told of an English clergyman who owed his appointment to a rich living to a hicky pin. He was tutor to the son of a nobleman and had not long taken orders when he attended the funeral of the rector of the parish in which the nobleman's seat was situated. The father of his pupil was patron of the living and was also present at the funeral of the deceased rector. There was a young clergyman present also whose grief was so demonstrative that the noble patron was much affected by the sight and asked if the young man was a son of the deceased gentleman.

"Oh, dear, no, my lord—no relation at all," said the tutor.

"No relation!" exclaimed the nobleman in a surprised tone.

"None in the world. He is the curate and I think he is not worthy for the dead but for the living."

His lordship, who was something of a wit and a humorist, was so delighted with the framed text he considered the living upon the ready instant.

Through a Big Telescope.

The first person to see a great celestial object is frequently, but not always, the discoverer of it. The first appearance which the [illegible] to the [illegible] is generally [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] to be [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE LOVE PHILTER OF IKEY SCHOENSTEIN

Wedding Bells Rang, Though the Potion Went Astray.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

The Blue Light drug store is downtown, between the Bowery and First avenue, where the distance between the two streets is the shortest. The Blue Light does not consider that pharmacy is a thing of bric-a-brac, scent and ice cream soda. If you ask it for pain killer it will not give you a bonbon.

The Blue Light scorns the labor saving arts of modern pharmacy. It macerates its opium and percolates its own laudanum and paregoric. To this day pill are made behind its tall prescription desk—pills rolled out on its own pill tile, divided with a spatula, rolled with the finger and thumb, dusted with calcined magnesia and delivered in little round pasteboard pill boxes. The store is on a corner about which coveys of rugged-plumed, hilarious children play and become candidates for the cough drops and soothing sirups that wait for them inside.

Ikey Schoenstein was the night clerk of the Blue Light and the friend of its customers. Thus it is on the east side, where the heart of pharmacy is not glacial. There, as it should be, the druggist is a counselor, a confessor, an adviser, an able and willing missionary and mentor whose learning is respected, whose occult wisdom is venerated and whose medicine is often poured, untasted, into the gutter. Therefore Ikey's cornform, bespectacled nose and narrow, knowledge bowed figure was well known in the vicinity of the Blue Light, and his advice and pellets were much desired.

Ikey roomed and breakfasted at Mrs. Riddle's, two squares away. Mrs. Riddle had a daughter named Rosy. The circumlocution has been in vain—you must have guessed it—Ikey adored Rosy. She tortured all his thoughts. She was the compound extract of all that was chemically pure and official. The dispensatory contained nothing equal to her. But Ikey was timid, and his hopes remained insoluble in the menstruum of his backwardness and fears. Behind his counter he was a superior being, calmly conscious of special knowledge and worth. Outside he was a weakkneed, purblind, motorman cursed rambler, with ill fitting clothes tainted with chemicals and smelling of neozone aloes and valerianate of ammonia.

The fly by Ikey's ointment (thrice welcome, pat troped) was Chunk McGowan.

Mr. McGowan was also striving to catch the bright smiles tossed about by Rosy. But he was no outfielder, as Ikey was. He picked them off the bat. At the same time he was Ikey's friend and customer and often dropped in at the Blue Light drug store to have a bruise painted with iodine or get a cut rubber plastered after a pleasant evening spent along the Bowery.

One afternoon McGowan drifted in in his silent, easy way and sat, comely, smooth faced, hard, indomitable, good natured, upon a stool.

"Ikey," said he when his friend had fetched his mortar and sat opposite, grinding gum benzoin to a powder, "get busy with your ear. It's drugs for me if you've got the line I need."

Ikey scanned the countenance of Mr. McGowan for the usual evidences of conflict, but found none.

"Take your coat off," he ordered. "I guess already that you have been

"WE'VE BEEN LAYIN' PIPES FOR THIS GET-AWAY."

stuck in the ribs with a knife. I have many times told you those dagoes would do you up."

Mr. McGowan smiled. "Not them," he said, "not any dagoes. But you've located the diagnosis all right enough. It's under my coat, near the ribs. Say, Ikey, Rosy and me are goin' to run away and get married tonight."

Ikey's left forefinger was doubled over the edge of the mortar, holding it steady. He gave it a wild rap with the pestle, but felt it not. Meanwhile Mr. McGowan's smile faded to a look of perplexed gloom.

"That is," he continued, "if she keeps in the notion until the time comes. We've been layin' pipes for the getaway for two weeks. One day she says she will. The same evenin' she says nixy. We've agreed on tonight, and Rosy's stuck to the affirmative this time for two whole days. But it's five hours yet till the time, and I'm afraid she'll stand me up when it comes to the scratch."

"You said you wanted drugs," reminded Ikey.

Mr. McGowan looked ill at ease and harassed—a condition opposed to his usual line of demeanor. He made a patent medicine almanac into a roll and fitted it with unprofitable carefulness about his finger.

"I wouldn't have this double handicap make a false start tonight for a million," he said. "I've got a little flat up in Harlem all ready, with chrysanthemums on the table and a kettle ready to boil. And I've engaged a pulpit pounder to be ready at his house for us at 9:30. It's got to come off. And if Rosy don't change her mind again"— Mr. McGowan ceased, a prey to his doubts.

"I don't see then yet," said Ikey shortly, "what makes it that you talk of drugs or what I can be doing about it."

"Old man Riddle don't like me a little bit," went on the uneasy suitor, bent upon marshaling his arguments. "For a week he hasn't let Rosy step outside the door with me. If it wasn't for losin' a boarder they'd have bounced me long ago. I'm makin' $20 a week, an' she'll never regret flyin' the coop with Chunk McGowan."

"You will excuse me, Chunk," said Ikey. "I must make a prescription that is to be called for soon."

"Say," said McGowan, looking up suddenly—"say, Ikey, ain't there a drug of some kind—some kind of powders—that'll make a girl like you better if you give 'em to her?"

Ikey's lip beneath his nose curled with scorn of superior enlightenment, but before he could answer McGowan continued:

"Tim Lacy told me he got some once from a croaker uptown and fed 'em to his girl in soda water. From the very first dose he was ace high and everybody else looked like 30 cents to her. They was married in less than two weeks."

Strong and simple was Chunk McGowan. A better reader of men than Ikey was could have seen that his tough frame was strung upon fine wires. Like a good general who was about to invade the enemy's territory, he was seeking to guard every point against possible failure.

"I thought," went on Chunk hopefully, "that if I had one of them powders to give Rosy when I see her at supper tonight it might brace her up and keep her from reneging on the proposition to skip. I guess she don't need a mule team to drag her away, but women are better at coaxing than they are at running bases. If the stuff'll work just for a couple of hours it'll do the trick."

"When is this foolishness of running away to be happening?" asked Ikey.

"Nine o'clock," said Mr. McGowan. "Supper's at 7. At 8 Rosy goes to bed with a headache. At 9 old Purcenzano lets me through to his back yard, where there's a board off Riddle's fence next door. I go under her window and help her down the fire escape. We've got to make it early on the preacher's account. It's all dead easy if Rosy don't balk when the fun drops. Can you fix me one of them powders, Ikey?"

Ikey Schoenstein rubbed his nose slowly.

"Chunk," said he, "it is of drugs of that nature that pharmaceutists must have much carefulness. To you alone of my acquaintance would I intrust a powder like that. But for you I shall make it, and you shall see how it makes Rosy to think of you."

They went behind the prescription desk. There he crushed to a powder two soluble tablets, each containing a quarter of a grain of morphia. To them he added a little sugar of milk to increase the bulk and folded the mixture neatly in a white paper. Taken by an adult this powder would insure several hours of heavy slumber without danger to the sleeper. This he handed to Chunk McGowan, telling him to administer it in a liquid if possible and received the hearty thanks of the back yard Lochinvar.

The subtlety of Ikey's action becomes apparent upon recital of his subsequent move. He sent a messenger for Mr. Riddle and disclosed the plans of Mr. McGowan for eloping with Rosy. Mr. Riddle was a stout man, brick dusty of complexion and sudden in action.

"Much obliged," he said briefly to Ikey. "The lazy Irish loafer! My own room's just above Rosy's. I'll just go up there myself after supper and load the shotgun and wait. If he comes in my back yard he'll go away in a ambulance instead of a bridal chaise."

With Rosy held in the clutches of Morpheus for many hours deep slumber and the bloodthirsty parent waiting, armed and forewarned, Ikey felt that his rival was close indeed upon discomfiture.

All night in the Blue Light drug store he waited at his duties for chance news of the tragedy, but none came.

At 8 o'clock in the morning the day clerk arrived, and Ikey started hurriedly for Mrs. Riddle's to learn the outcome. And, lo, as he stepped out of the store who but Chunk McGowan sprang from a passing street car and grasped his hand—Chunk McGowan, with a victor's smile and flushed with joy.

"Pulled it off," said Chunk, with elysium in his grin. "Rosy hit the fire escape on time to a second, and we was under the wire at the reverend's at 9:30½. She's up at the flat—she cooked eggs this mornin' in a blue kimono. Lord, how lucky I am! You must pace up some day, Ikey, and feed with us. I've got a job down near the bridge, and that's where I'm headin' for now."

"The — the — powder?" stammered Ikey.

"Oh, that stuff you gave me?" said Chunk, broadening his grin. "Well, it was this way. I sat down at the supper table last night at Riddle's, and I looked at Rosy, and I says to myself: 'Chunk, if you get the girl get her on the square. Don't try any hocus pocus with a thoroughbred like her.' And I keeps the paper you give me in my

CHUNK M'GOWAN SPRANG FROM A PASSING STREET CAR.

pocket. And then my lamps fall on another party present, who, I says to myself, is fallin' in a proper affection toward his comin' son-in-law, so I watches my chance and dumps that powder in old man Riddle's coffee. See?"

Women and Eating.

"Considerable fun has been poked at women for their choice of viands in public eating places," said a trained observer, "but I've noticed that even there they are more sensible than men in some respects. Three large, middle aged women were taking luncheon near my table the other noon. The largest woman, who was dressed in black, called for two portions of broiled fish and bread and butter. There was an abundance for the trio, and when the fish course had been finished the waiter asked them if they would have something else.

"'Nothing more,' said the largest woman, who was paying the check, and she said it in a determined sort of way that brought the repast to an abrupt close. You might have thought that they were never going to have anything more to eat as long as they lived.

"Now, if a man invites friends to take luncheon with him he orders twice as much as anybody wants, and then keeps on ordering, through ice cream, coffee, crackers and cheese and cordials, for fear that he'll be set down as scrimpy. The guests of that largest woman couldn't have got another bite if they had sat up and begged for it."—Providence Tribune.

The Doctor's Gift.

Dr. Robert Glynn-Clobery, a delightful old character described in "Reminiscences of Cambridge," was a fellow of King's college, where he resided. During a long illness he attended a poor man, of whose family party a pert, talkative magpie made one, and as the patient observed that Dr. Glynn-Clobery always when paying a visit had some joke with the bird he thought that perhaps the doctor might like to possess it.

Accordingly, when the poor man was well again, with overflowing gratitude, but with no money to pay a bill, he thought he could do no better than make his kind friend a present of the magpie, and so the prisoner in its cage was conveyed to his rooms in King's college.

The bearer met with a kind reception, but was desired to carry the bird back with him.

"I cannot," said the doctor, "take so good care of it as can you, but I shall consider it mine, and I intrust it to you to keep for me, and as long as it lives I will pay you half a crown weekly for its maintenance."

A Hard Working River.

The hardest working river, the one most thoroughly harnessed to the mill wheels of labor in the United States, probably in the world, is the Blackstone. It is not a large river either; its drainage area is only about 458 square miles, and in its power producing section it is only forty-three miles long, a very Tom Thumb of a river as rivers go in America. Yet the doughty little stream produces 23,000 horsepower, fifty for every square mile of its drainage area. If you will figure out this amount of horsepower in terms of coal you will find that the busy little stream represents a capitalization of about $25,000,000. This is twice the developed horsepower of any other important river.

Almost a hundred mills, catching with their whirling turbines its water almost from the very source in the city of Worcester, Mass., line its banks and grow in size and importance till in Woonsocket and Pawtucket, R. I., you have some of the largest of their kind in the country.—Technical World Magazine.

A Salutary Lesson.

"Now, remember your salutes," said the English corporal when posting the Irish recruit on sentry. "If you see a lieutenant he wears one star on his shoulder—slope arms; if a captain—two stars—slope arms; if you see a major—a crown present arms; if the colonel—stars and crown—present and turn out the guard."

Pat pondered his orders carefully, but presently he was awakened from his reverie by the approach of the general.

That worthy son of Mars surveyed the cross swords on the gallant officer's shoulders and as he was not included in the corporal's category simply nodded cheerfully.

"Well, my man," said the genial general, "and who are you supposed to be?"

"I'm supposed to be a bit of a sentry," said Patrick. "And who are you?"

"Oh, I'm supposed to be a bit of a general!" said the latter.

"A general, is it?" cried the startled Pat. "Then ye'll want something big. The corp'ral told me about the others, but nothing about yourself at all, at all. But hold hard a minute, and I'll give ye the bayonet exercise, if that'll do."

A Resourceful Woman.

"I think it is a foolish fashion that so many women indulge, that of telling their age wrongly," said the woman with the prematurely gray hair. "I can honestly say that I never practice it myself."

"No?" said her friend, with many meanings in the monosyllable.

"Well," said the first speaker, with a smile—she was a woman with a sense of humor—"the fact is I don't have to. I have a way of making myself out younger than I am if I wish to without telling a fib at all."

"Really?" inquired the other curiously. "In what way?"

"I put the burden of the fib all upon the questioner. You see, when one of my dear women friends—it is always women who are curious on this point—asks me how old I am I say: 'Oh, I'm a year or two older than you, you know, my dear—at least a year older. Let me see, now, how old are you?' And then she always knocks more off my age than I should ever have the nerve to do myself."

A Bee That Digs.

Dr. John B. Smith gives the name of "digger bee" to a blue green bee having a metallic sheen, which may be seen flitting about sandy places during the first heats of May. With the aid of liquid plaster of paris poured into the holes that it makes in the ground he has followed the bee through a wonderful course of digging. The work is done by females, and its primary object is to provide protected cells in which the young are reared. The bee makes a tunnel a quarter of an inch in diameter, which after starting for a few inches on a slope runs straight down into the ground. At the depth of a foot or more short lateral tunnels are driven, and at the ends of these are formed the breeding cells. Having provided for her young, the bee "continues to dig down and yet further down until she is four feet or even more beneath the surface, dying from sheer exhaustion about the time her first progeny begin to make their way to the surface."—London Mail.

Daniel and the Lions.

An old negro preacher in Kentucky was dilating upon events in the Bible which had a zoological trend. He described the deluge and how all the animals, two by two, went into the ark and were saved. Then he discussed the incident of Jonah and the whale. Balaam's ass and finally the exploit of Daniel, who entered the den of ravening lions and emerged unharmed. His auditors listened with interest, and some of them seemed to have their doubts as to the authenticity of the tales.

Finally one of the younger negroes rose up and inquired: "Say, pahson, wuz dem lions jest like the kind we has now?"

"Cose not, cose not," retorted the preacher, irritated at having his discourse interrupted. "Dey was B. C., meaning befo' circuses."

The explanation was sufficient and satisfactory.—Buffalo Commercial.

Much Mixed.

Some of the passengers were waiting at a way station in Vermont for the train to Burlington, says the Saturday Evening Post.

"What kind of a train is that?" asked one of them of the busy station master.

"Oh, freight and passenger together."

"Mixed, eh?"

"Worse than that," said the station master. "It's what you might call scrambled."

Saves Trouble.

"After all, it is an advantage to have a sophisticated husband."

"In what way?"

"Well, it isn't necessary to waste time hunting through his pockets at night."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hopeful.

Miss Oldgirl—Now, what do you think of the theory that Methuselah was really not as old as report said he was? Mr. Frank—I think it is very encouraging, Miss Oldgirl.—Baltimore American.

Gout Defined.

"What is gout?" asks a correspondent. Well, it is an infliction if inherited, but is often a source of pride when acquired.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Camel.

Why is a camel easily angered? Because it always has its back up.

A PATRIOTIC PIG.

The Queer Pet That Was Adopted by a Regiment.

Perhaps the strangest pet that ever attracted a regiment's fancy was a pig. She attached herself to a Kentucky regiment on the way to invade Canada during the war of 1812.

As the men marched out from Harrodsburg one morning they came across two pigs fighting. They halted to see it out. When the march was resumed the victorious pig followed the regiment. When they encamped at night the pig halted and found a shelter. The next morning the pig started with the regiment, and when it stopped the pig halted. Day by day it trotted along until the Ohio river was reached. A ferryboat transported the troops to Cincinnati, but the pig swam the stream and waited on the other side until the regiment took up its line of march.

During the long tramp to the lake piggy received her full share of rations. Occasionally the men were put on short commons, but no one thought of sticking the regiment's pet.

When they came to the lake's shore piggy was offered a passage across to Canada. She refused to stir from American soil.

When the campaign closed the troops recrossed to American soil, where they had left their horses. As the line was being formed a familiar grunt was heard. There was piggy ready to resume the march. On the homeward way the pig suffered greatly from the cold weather. It crossed, however, the Ohio river and then gave in.

Governor Shelby of Kentucky had piggy conveyed to his farm, and there she passed her days in indolence and good living, honored as the regiment's pet.—Exchange.

KNEW IT WOULD RAIN.

And He Had a Substantial Basis For His Conviction.

A mission teacher on the Bowery, by the force of his enthusiasm, succeeded in gaining the interest of a well known tough, who began at once to change his way of living, certainly to the signal betterment of his worldly comfort. He wore new clothes, associated with attractive people and experienced the prosperity of peaceful ideas.

The convert, though much regenerated, could not wholly abandon his former life, and the drift of his mind toward things of the past came into startling evidence. He attended a non-devotional class meeting called by his mentor for the special purpose of considering the practical ways and means of promoting a monster basket picnic. An appropriate date for the picnic was one of the matters to be decided. Much to the general astonishment, the convert was greatly opposed to the date favored by all the others. A recess was taken to discuss the issue more informally, and the mission worker drew his protege aside to interrogate him.

"It is going to rain that day," declared the convert earnestly. "It will spoil the picnic."

"But how do you know it is so certain to rain?"

Then the convert blurted forth his reasons helplessly, but with conviction:

"I have it straight that Tabor's people will start her in the third on that very day. She is out for a killing, and I never knew her to run that it didn't rain."—New York Telegraph.

Telephone Gesticulation.

"It was the constant gesturing of that fellow at the other end of the wire that made it so hard to catch what he said," growled a man who had been wrestling with the telephone in a downtown office.

"How in the world could you tell he was making gestures?" asked the incredulous listener.

"By the jerky way the words came over the wire. Many people get so excited when telephoning that they gesticulate as frantically as if they were talking with a man face to face. Their bouncing around and sawing the air break the voice, and the sentences come over the wire in fragments. I have talked with so many people who, I learned later, were dancing a jig at the other end of the wire that I always can tell when that gesticulating is going on."—New York Globe.

The Awakening.

Two weeks after he had faced the parson with the only girl in the world he chanced upon Jones, one of his old bachelor friends.

"Well, old man," remarked the latter, grinning, "I can't say you look the part of a happy benedict. What's the trouble? Have you suffered a disappointment?"

"I have," answered the other grimly. "My wife can't sing!"

"Can't sing?" echoed Jones cheerily. "But in that case I should have said you were to be congratulated."

"That's not the trouble," responded the young husband. "The trouble is she thinks she can!"

His Authority.

Browning—I hear you are engaged to that young widow who is visiting relatives here. Is it true? Greening—Yes. Browning—How did you discover that she was the one woman in the world for an old bachelor like you? Greening—Why, she—er—told me so.—Chicago News.

A Foolish Notion.

Most of the men who think the world is against them are so insignificant that the world has never noticed them.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Happiness is not perfected until it is shared.—Jane Porter.

DIMINUTIVE FARMS.

The Way Real Estate Is Divided Up in Portugal.

The Portuguese are an extremely conservative people. Every man follows rigidly the methods employed by his father and forefathers. In very many parts of the country the old wooden plows are still used.

When a man dies, instead of one of the heirs taking the whole property and paying the remaining heirs for their parts the whole property is divided into as many parts as there are heirs. More than this, each separate part of the property is thus divided.

Thus, if the property consists of ten acres of pasture land, eighty of vineyard and ten of grain land and there are ten heirs, each heir will receive one acre each of grain and pasture land and eight acres of vineyard. This process has been going on for a very long time, so that now in the most fertile part of Portugal the land is divided into incredibly small portions.

The immediate result of this, according to the United States consular reports, is that the product of the land is barely sufficient at best to sustain its owners. South of the river Tagus, on the other hand, there are enormous tracts of excellent land lying unused, but it has been found impossible to induce the farmers of the north to move into this region and take up large holdings.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WHITEWASHING COAL.

Not Done For the Sake of Neatness, but to Prevent Thefts.

Persons who have been somewhat astonished by having whitewashed coal delivered to them will be interested to know that the whitewashing is not done to improve the appearance or to increase the burning qualities. The treatment neither improves nor harms the fuel.

It is a detective scheme on the part of the railroads to locate and to prevent theft of the coal as it is hauled from the mines to the consumer. These depredations amount to thousands of tons annually, and the railroads are the sufferers, as it is up to them to deliver as many tons at their destination, often a thousand miles away, as were weighed in when the car was turned over for transportation.

Two or three tons may be removed from a carload containing forty tons without attracting attention to its decreased quantity until the car is again placed on the scales. To locate the loss, says Popular Mechanics, limewater is sprayed over a carload of coal. In a short time the water has evaporated, leaving a load of white coal. Then removal of any coal leaves a big black spot, which is quickly noticed by inspectors and station agents and the leak found and stopped.

A Nation of Borrowers.

Zanzibar appears from a consular report, to be a place of universal borrowing. "Neither the Arab nor the Swahili," says the report, "has the slightest idea of thrift. The former, when he has sold his cloves, immediately spends the proceeds in entertaining or in the purchase of European articles for which he has little or no use. He then mortgages his property at a ruinous rate of interest or sells his next year's crop in advance at a price which would hardly pay for its harvesting, with the inevitable result that he is always up to his eyes in debt. The Swahili, if he happens to be out of debt at the beginning of the month, spends all his pay within a few days in food or native dances and has to beg, borrow or steal sufficient to maintain himself for the rest of the month. The money lender is in both cases the Indian, and the interest which he charges varies from 30 up to 300 per cent."

Managing a Servant.

One housewife declares that at last she has solved the servant problem. "Formerly I had untold trouble with my maids," she said. "They'd do well for awhile, and then they'd deteriorate so that I simply couldn't keep them. So I hit on this plan: When I noticed a falling off in the last maid's work I went into the kitchen and told her that, in addition to her fixed wages, she should have 50 cents extra every week that she did well. When she was only fairly good I'd give her a quarter, but on the weeks when she displeased me she'd get nothing. Nine weeks out of ten she gets her half dollar. It pleases her immensely, and I find the plan well worth while in the better service it secures me."—New York Tribune.

The Poet's Woe.

"I have always been a reader of your poetry," began Mrs. Gushe.

"I am glad," replied Algernon Charles Mystic, "that some one understands me."

"Oh, but that is what I have been hoping to meet you for, I wanted you to explain."—Philadelphia North American.

The Day of Rest.

"And now," said Mr. Fishback of Billville, "let us be thankful for one day of rest and get ready for church."

"Yes," said his wife; "run out and chop some wood and milk the cows and light the fire and make the coffee and wash the children while I bang my hair!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Reproof.

Parent—Willie, my father used to whip me when I behaved as badly as you are doing. Willie—Well, I hope I'll never have to tell my little boy that.—Exchange.

The habit of looking at the best side of any event is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year.—Johnson.

The Pie and the Pill.

Too much mince pie had done the trick.

Little Malinie got a pain in her tummy and had to go to bed.

The family physician used his terrible cut and prescribed a pill. Malinie's mother said very well, but the family physician did not know Malinie, and she was quite sure Malinie would not take the pill. The family physician said he would make it a sweet pill, but Malinie's mother replied that so long as it was a pill it would be no use.

Then the family physician was struck with a brilliant idea. The pill should be carefully concealed in the center of a preserved pear and sent up to little Malinie to eat.

An hour later Malinie's mother went to see how her sweetest dear was going on. She appeared to be going on excellently.

"And did my pet eat all her pear?" inquired the fond mother.

"Yes, mimsie," replied the little darling, "all but the nasty seed."

There's many a slip 'twixt the pear and the pip.—London Answers.

Bituminous Coal.

The first bituminous coal mined in the United States, states the United States geological survey, was taken from what is usually termed the Richmond basin, a small area in the southeastern portion of Virginia, near the city of Richmond. This basin is situated on the eastern margin of the Piedmont plateau, thirteen miles above tidewater, on the James river. It lies in Goochland, Henrico, Powhatan and Chesterfield counties. The coal beds are much distorted, and the coal is of rather low grade when compared with that from other districts with which it has to come into competition. The occurrence of coal was known in the Richmond basin as early as 1700, and in 1789 shipments were made to some of the northern states. At present what little coal is produced in this field is for local consumption only.—Scientific American.

Movement of Icebergs.

In the investigation of the currents round the coast of Newfoundland it has been observed that there is at times a wide difference in the direction of the drift of icebergs and that of the flat or pan ice, which, having no great depth, is governed in its motions by the surface currents and the winds, whereas the icebergs, the larger parts of which are submerged to a great depth, follow only the movement of the ocean water as a whole and are unaffected by the winds. In consequence a huge berg may often be seen magnificently maintaining its slow advance in opposition to the wind and across the general motion of the fields of flat ice surrounding it. The sealers often take advantage of this fact by mooring their vessels to an iceberg in order to prevent a drift to leeward. —Philadelphia Record.

Why He Searched.

The old man had evidently dropped something in the muddy road, and he began searching for it. In three minutes about thirty strangers had joined in the search, and every additional minute brought additional searchers, till at last one, bolder than the rest, plucked up heart and spoke:

"What are you looking for?" he inquired.

"My friend," mumbled the old man, "I have dropped a pack of fifty cents."

"But, great Scott," cried another in the crowd angrily, "why do you go looking for it when it will be covered with dirt?"

"Because my inquisitive friend," replied the old man, "my false teeth are sticking to that fifty."

Fall and Winter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

6tf MRS CARRIE CLARK.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 218, December Term, 1909.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Elizabeth May Stetson did, on the 24th of August 1909, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frederick Stetson,

We therefore command you the said Frederick Stetson that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, next to answer the petition or libel of Elizabeth May Stetson and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elizabeth May Stetson, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910.

D. H. Juck, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 238, October Term, 1909.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lizzie Craft did, on the 2nd day of Sept. 1909, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles D. Craft.

We therefore command you, the said Charles D. Craft, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, 1910, to answer the petition or libel of Lizzie Craft and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lizzie Craft, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910

D. H. Juck, Attorney for Libellant.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 58, October Term, 1909.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Thomas Hook did, on the 22nd day of June 1909, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Abraham Hook.

We therefore command you, the said Abraham Hook that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas of said county, to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Thomas Hook and show cause, if any you have, why the said Thomas Hook your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910.

Mullin & Mullin, Attorney for Libellant.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 17, October Term, 1909.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, William H. Reed did, on the 7th day of June, 1909, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Emma Reed.

We therefore command you, the said Emma Reed that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next, to answer the petition of libel of William H. Reed and show cause, if any you have, why the said William H. Reed your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910.

V. B. Bolton Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 191, Oct. Term, 1909.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, George L. Pritchard, on the 17th day of August, 1909, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Addie Pritchard.

We therefore command you the said Addie Pritchard, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of George L. Pritchard and show cause, if any you have, why the said George L. Pritchard should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910.

Sheridan Gorton, Libellant's Attorney.

NOTICE.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court, to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean in the State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February, A. D. 1910.

First and final account of Mary E. Peery, administratrix of the estate of B. G. Peery, deceased.

First and final account of Lucile M. Lindsley, administratrix of the estate of Walter L. Lindsley, deceased, who was administrator of the estate of Royal C. DeTalbey, deceased.

First and final account of Carl H. Tew, administrator of the estate of John H. Tew, deceased.

First and final account of William E. Burr, executor of the last will and testament of Hannah Eliza Dennis, deceased.

First and final account of Chauncey D. Gregg, executor of the last will and testament of Mary J. Gregg, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of James George, guardian of Maurice A. McCoy, late minor child of T. E. McCoy, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Carrie E. Brown, guardian of Harry Brown, late minor child of S. S. Brown, deceased.

Second and final account of C. E. Judd, guardian of Mary A. O'Brien Lewis, late the minor child of Matthew O'Brien, deceased.

First and final account of J. B. Wright, administrator of the estate of C. C. Wright, deceased.

First and final account of Paul P. Lyon, administrator of the estate of Arthur F. Allen, deceased.

First and final account of Charles E. Beebe, administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Angeline Smith, deceased.

First and final account of H. M. Wick, guardian of Wallace A. Fisher, late a minor child of Julian E. Fisher, deceased.

First and final accounts of W. J. Hogan, guardian of Walter J. Flynn and Leo J. Flynn, late minor children of Sarah M. Flynn, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Albert L. Sawyer, administrator of the estate of Thomas Buchanan, deceased.

Second, final and distribution account of Herman H. North, executor of the last Will and Testament of John K. Merriam, deceased.

JOHN B. EASMAN,
Register.

Smethport, Pa., January 29, 1910.

EQUIPPED FARMS TO LET.

I have several fine fertile farms under good cultivation, with excellent farm houses, commodious barns and farm creameries, one or more of which may be let March 1st, and possession given about April 1st. Very favorable terms on shares or for money rent, if preferred, will be given to capable, temperate, honest and industrious farmers. Early application is requested.

Italy Dairy farm on highway between Kushequa and Mt. Jewett, with 20 acres adjacent under cultivation, together with 30 acres of excellent arable land from Broad Acres Farm, is a sample. Possession given March 1, 1910. Apply to

ELISHA K. KANE,
Kushequa, Pa.

Public Sale of Valuable Real Estate.

Pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, dated December 16, 1909, the undersigned will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder, at the Court House in Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1910, AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M., the following real estate of John O. Perry:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the Township of Sergeant, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

1st Piece: Beginning at a post the northwest corner of subdivision No. 101 in east line of Hamlin Township, and being a corner of Perry lot; thence by said township line and west line of sub-division No. 102, north 111.5 rods to stone corner; thence east 108 rods to a post; thence south 111.5 rods to northwest corner of Block or farm in north line of sub-division No. 101; thence by said line west 108 rods to the place of beginning, containing 75 acres, be the same more or less, and being part of sub-division No. 102 in J. Colegrove's survey.

2nd Piece: Beginning at a post the southeast corner of a lot of 107.6 acres of said Perry's; thence west on south line 71.5 rods to post; thence north 156.5 rods to post in north line of same; thence east on said line 71.5 rods to post, being northwest corner of S. Bloomster's farm; thence south on said west line 156.5 rods to place of beginning, containing 70 acres, more or less.

Excepting therefrom all the natural gas and 1-6 of all the oil with the right to enter to drill, etc., for oil and gas; with the right of free gas sufficient for one house on each piece, and subject to a lease made by John O. Perry to M. C. Oakley for one half acre dated April 27, 1901, at a rental of $12 per year, the rent being paid to April 27, 1910.

The last piece is improved and having thereon a good frame barn, and two orchards of apple and pear trees, and the first piece is stripped land.

Terms of Sale: One half cash on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed, and the balance in one year with interest to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

JAMES A. McKEAN,
Committee in Lunacy of John O. Perry.

JOHN N. APPLE,
Attorney.

January 12, 1910.

A Feast for Five Hungry People

There's a full meal for five hungry people in every package of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

A delicious meal you can have ready for the table in less time than it takes to make coffee.

A breakfast or luncheon feast that will cost you only 10 cents.

The finest kind of a meal any family ever had placed before them.

BEARDSLEY'S TRADE SHREDDED MARK CODFISH

The Choicest of Food

The whole world knows that fish is one of the most nourishing and strengthening foods in existence.

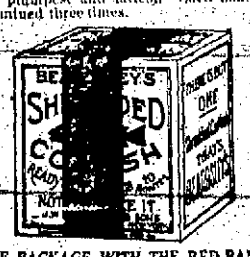
And as we prepare it, it is also one of the choicest.

And one of the easiest to cook.

We use none but cod of superior quality.

We get them from Northern waters. The fish which feed here attain a superlative flavor.

And of these select fish we pick only the plumpest and fattest. Each fish is examined three times.



THE PACKAGE WITH THE RED BAND
Lined with wax-paper. No preservative whatever, save the purest and finest sea-salt. Also packed in tin and glass.

Then we take only the best part of each fish—the sweetest, most delicate meat.

We remove all the bones. Our wonder-Shredding Process makes the meat fine and fluffy and dainty.

Thus Beardsley's Shredded Codfish is ready to cook the instant you open the package.

Instead of Meat or Eggs

Just to let your family learn how good it is, serve Beardsley's Shredded Codfish tomorrow.

Have it instead of meat or eggs. A package, costing only 10 cents, will go farther than two or three pounds of meat, or a dozen eggs.

Once your folks get a taste of this food, they'll want you to have it often. There are dozens of delicious ways to prepare it. So no one ever tires of it.

Free Book of Recipes

With the first package you buy, your grocer will give you our book of tempting new recipes.

There is other codfish in packages. But Beardsley's is the only Shredded Codfish. Our wonderful Shredding Process is patented. So please see that you get Beardsley's—the package with the red band. For that is the kind you will like.

J. W. Beardsley's Sons
474-478 Greenwich St., New York

FUR SALE AT 20% to 50% REDUCTION

There is a reason for everything. There is a reason for this sale—a real reason—viz: Our desire to make as much of a clearing as possible each season before Inventory of that season's stock. This is not a new idea, but a new one to the Fur Business. Some Furriers are satisfied to carry over one season's stock to the next season. We cannot conform with this old-fashion idea—it is not the modern way of doing business. We cannot carry over one season's stock to the next—the insurance and storage are too expensive, and we require the room for our new stock, which we manufacture during summer months. We have had an immense trade this season—much better and larger than has ever been known in Buffalo, and we are now satisfied to clear out our entire remaining stock regardless of cost.

The next fortnight will be the opportunity of a lifetime, and we ask you to shop early.

We would like our out-of-town customers to share in this great money-saving opportunity; however, we cannot refund fares on the prices that will prevail.

We Make EVERYTHING We Sell

ALFRED L. PEZOLD
Ground Floor
Second Floor
FURRIER
508-510 Main St.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

We Guarantee EVERYTHING We Make

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without them—it's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want, bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE

is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street,
BRADFORD, PA.

Notice of Incorporation.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 7th day of February, 1910, by M. F. Quinn, F. C. Olds, F. S. Sherman and John Troy under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of the intended corporation to be called Norwich Chemical Company, the character and object of which is to manufacture and deal in the products and by-products obtained from the destructive distillation of wood, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

HASTINGS & LARKIN,
Solicitors.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration in the estate of B. F. Wright, late of Smethport Borough, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Sheridan Gorton. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., June 4, 1910.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.,
In good reliable companies

LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
Lath and Shingles
General Planing Mill Work.
H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

Sane
5TH AVE. AT MAIN ST.
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

SHERIDAN GORTON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

H. E. Mullin.
J. L. Mullin.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. BOLTON
ATTY.-AT-LAW.
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in 3rd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D., C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 9 to 10 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

C. E. Hemingway,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 8:30 to 2:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Thoroughness and satisfaction guaranteed.
Prices Right. Over 23 Years of Practice. Experience.
OFFICE ANDERSON'S CARLTON Block.

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist
Hours { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - PA.

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DOBBIN & SHERBURNE, Props.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

KANE CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 406 W. King St.

Kodol

For Dyspepsia and Indigestion

If you Suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gas on the Stomach, Belching, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, etc., a little Kodol will Relieve you almost Instantly

Kodol supplies the same digestive juices that are found in a healthy stomach. Being a liquid, it starts digestion at once.

Kodol not only digests your food, but helps you enjoy every mouthful you eat.

You need a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food to maintain strength and health.

But, this food must be digested thoroughly, otherwise the pains of indigestion and dyspepsia are the result.

When your stomach cannot do its work properly, take something to help your stomach. Kodol is the only thing that will give the stomach complete rest.

Why? Because Kodol does the same work as a strong stomach, and does it in a natural way.

So, don't neglect your stomach. Don't become a chronic dyspeptic. Keep your stomach healthy and strong by taking a little Kodol. You don't have to take Kodol all the time. You only take it when you need it.

Kodol is perfectly harmless.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one to a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.